A TRIAL OF A TRAIL FROM CODY TO THE YELLOWSTONE

THE FRANKLIN CO. CHI

A. Dean and Jean M. Larsen
Yellowstone Park Collection

F 722.615 .H45 1905

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

3 1197 22833 8130

ELLOWSTONE
ATIONAL PARK

& Jane Lerner Collection
GHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2013

http://archive.org/details/trialoftrailfrom00heat

"Since everywhere the spirit walks with man, as under Eden's trees"
—Whittier.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHOSHONE

A Trial of a Trail

From Cody
to
The Yellowstone
(With Map)

Notes from the Journal
of
Charles A. Heath

The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills, the plains—
Are not these, O soul, the vision of him who reigns?
Speak to him, thou, for he hears, and spirit with spirit can meet—
Closer is he than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.
—Tennyson

Chicago
The Franklin Press
1905

Copyright 1905
by
Charles A. Heath

TO

THE GOOD GUIDE

ARON HOLM

AND

MRS. HOLM, HIS WIFE,

WHOSE SWEET SONG CHARMED OUR

NIGHTLY CIRCLE

AROUND THE CAMP FIRE.

TO

"NICK" AND "UNCLE PETE"

OUR COOKS,

AND

DRIVERS CAMPBELL, VIRGIN, ABPLANALP,

NEFF AND "BILLIE."

TO

FAITHFUL OLD "NIG,"

THE DOG,

AND

"PETE," THE MULE,

WHOSE WISDOM EXCELLED THAT OF THE WISE MEN.

TO THESE, ALL

WHOSE FAITHFULNESS FOLLOWED US

DAY AND NIGHT

THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHOSHONE,

SYLVAN PASS,

AND THE YELLOWSTONE,

THESE PAGES

ARE JOYFULLY DEDICATED.

NOTE.

The following lines were written from day to day, as a part of the pastime of our Yellowstone outing. Had there been any thought that they were to appear in printed form, greater care would have been taken to make them more comprehensive and accurate. Incomplete as they are, they yet may serve to preserve enduring memories of one of the happiest outings a camping party was ever privileged to make.

We are indebted to the "Burlington Railroad" for the accompanying map. This is based on the recent surveys of the United States Engineer Corps and will be found to be correct and accurate in every detail. C. A. H.

A Trial of a Trail

Much of the pleasure of an outing lies in the anticipation of the trip itself. For a long time we had been looking forward to a Yellowstone trip. When it was definitely decided to go this summer, we became enthusiastic. It had been a study when and how to make the trip. June was regarded by many as the better month, thus escaping the mosquitoes of July and the dust of August; others thought July preferable as the flowers then were in full bloom; and again the weather was yet too cool in June to travel in the Park with comfort; while August and September claimed for themselves absence of mosquitoes, they had neither the beautiful flowers of July nor the full flowing streams of snow water to offer. By the middle of August the snows have entirely disappeared from the mountain sides and forests, and the white mantle of winter lingers only on the loftiest peaks. The scantily fed streams lose much of their beauty until they are fed again by the later autumnal rains. Weighing these various considerations it was decided to start the first of July, taking the "Burlington Route" from Chicago to Cody, Wyo.

The date of departure having been arranged, the mode of travel was next to be settled. The three conventional ways of doing the Park are:

First, the Transportation Company's 'bus lines.*

Second, the Camping Outfitters Equipment, wagons and saddles.

Third, the pack train, saddles and pack horses only.

Each has its advantages and disadvantages. The popular mode of travel from the first has been that of the Transportation Company. These formerly were

---

*Reference is not made here to the Wylie System of Permanent Camps, which is essentially the same plan of carrying tourists in busses—running on a definite time schedule—as

managed, in connection with the hotels, by private individuals; but now are owned and operated by the railroads controlling the passenger traffic. This fact guarantees the tourist prompt and reliable service, and excellent accommodations at the hotels; but as is often the case in railroad travel, the number of tourists is large and one finds himself crowded, not only in the hotels, but also in the transportation busses in which he rides through the Park.

Beginning at the left the members of the party were—

Mr. Crighton, Mr. Price, Theodore Heath (with rod), Mr. Harris, Mrs. Crighton, Mrs. Heath, Mrs. Hanna, Miss Price, Mrs. Greer, Zero Marx, Jr., Mr. Bastien. Mrs. Marx, Miss Wilson, Mrs. Price, Miss Dammereau. In front sitting: Alice Heath, Chas. A. Heath, Albert Heath.—*Photo taken by James Crighton, Jr*

followed by the Transportation Company, except it feeds and shelters the tourists in tents, instead of hotels. The very liberal patronage given the permanent camps is shown by the well beaten paths about the tents; the natural freshness and beauty of the spot has suffered from the "permanency" of the camp, and it does not at all compare with the surroundings with which the real campers find themselves constantly environed.

No party was ever more agreeable in its composition than was ours; many of us were strangers to each other, but with a common friend; we were very young and youth and middle age and old, but one in spirit and desire. A more pleasant party was never planned. This added much to the success of the trip—there was no friction, no lack of harmony—no opposites in what to see or where to go; it was one grand wish made up of many to see the Sylvan Pass Route into the Yellowstone

The bus is an unfortunate but necessary conveyance. It is constructed to meet all the vicissitudes of Yellowstone weather; its protecting top shields from the burning rays of the sun, and its side curtains are indispensable to protect the traveler from the rain; otherwise the bus top is a positive annoyance to the sightseer, as it constantly interferes with the vision of its occupants. This is especially true when the busses are crowded, and one is so unfortunate as to find himself in the middle, riding three in a seat.

1st Way. The chief point in favor of the Transportation Company's scheme is the luxury of a good bath at the hotels after a tiresome travel day over roads usually dusty, unless moistened by a chance sprinkling wagon just before you are passing over it (and much of the circle is not sprinkled at all) or else soaked by a recent shower, and then it is a case of removing terra firma in the form of mud instead of dust. Bathing in a brook of pure snow water having a temperature of 46 degrees Fahrenheit in July is not pleasing to most tourists, and if he chances to be at a hot spring or pool or by the hot waters of Fire Hole River, or Willow Creek, the bath with even these allurements and a clump of Balsam or Spruce for defence is not the source of unalloyed joy that is afforded by a full tub in a hotel.

Then there are those who prefer the hotel dining room and parlor tete-tete or piazza promenade to an open air feast under fragrant evergreens or in a shady nook by swift running stream, or sparkling spring; or in the

event of rain, under the canvas tent; but this is left to the preference of the reader.

Among the objections to the bus and hotel route is the fact that you travel on a fixed schedule per diem; you must go so fast and so far, eat at this lunch station and sleep at that; assigned to a particular bus in the initial caravan, you keep this particular bus throughout the entire trip. Should you desire to remain longer at

Our Hotel

any of the hotels, this can, of course, be arranged, although not without some inconvenience in getting placed again in another bus caravan when you wish to move on. The expense of the trip per diem with the Transportation Company or permanent camps is usually much in excess of that of camping outfitter's rates. Established outfitters have their fixed prices and terms as do the transportation lines; but with many of them it is purely a matter of bargain at the time of making the contract. It is especially important, if you go this way, that you place yourselves in the hands of the outfitters and guides who are both experienced and reliable. Again the hotel

tourist, as we will call him, often finds himself unable to make many interesting side trips, not only on account of the quite heavy additional expense, but often because the necessary horses and livery are lacking. This was frequently the case this season when Park travel was so heavy on account of the Lewis & Clark Exposition.

The best of the Park has been selected for the five and one-half day circuit offered the tourist and the Park Hotels have been carefully and wisely located to give him the most desirable rest points and places of observation; yet there is a very large and interesting part of the Park that has necessarily been omitted, which the tourist is well repaid by visiting; but the hotel tourist rarely sees them, or little else outside of the beaten path, and then not all of that unless the weather is especially favorable, or he prolongs his trip.

2nd Way. As to the second method, the first thing that commends it is the entire freedom of action accorded the camper—he has no "must" in his schedule—he can travel two miles or forty as suits his pleasure. If this stream is especially tempting with its virgin fishing for the speckled trout he can camp by its waters till satisfied to move on. If this valley entices one by its varied flora and marvelous walls of mountain and cross spur that shut it in on either side, then here he can linger until he has captured something of its pictured beauty with his kodak; mighty heights like the summit of Sylvan Pass and the crystal waters of Sylvan Lake may attract you and here you will pitch your tent, willingly lingering, so manifold are the varied views on which your eye can rest; or perhaps you will be held spellbound on the spot when you find yourself at the grand canyon, where for three days and nights we camped, entirely unmindful of either time or tide, but were concerned only in feasting the soul on the revealed glories of creation as manifested in the marvelous colorings of the canyon of the Yellowstone.

Not only has the camper freedom of action as regards time, but also of place; he chooses his own route, varying it as his pleasure directs, making this side trip or

that, visiting lakes or springs, valleys or mountain meadows, where the elk or deer are likely to be seen, as at the feeding grounds about Turbid Springs and Turbid Lake where fully two hundred elk were seen as we stopped to locate our camp for the night.

Then again a good outfitter and guide takes a personal interest in the welfare of the members of his party; for this is his stock in trade. He is with them all the time and even has his own tent in their midst at night, and when in the sections known to be infested with bears, he places his tent on the outside line— the frontier, so to speak, of the camp common, so as to withstand first any possible attack of bruin during the still hours of the night. So certain was it that the guide's presence would protect against such dangers that it was often a serious question with him how he could really locate his tent at as many strategic points of protection as the ladies of the party had contracted with him to do; no doubt, a large amount of security was in the fact that he told each petitioner that he would camp between her and the bears, and the consciousness of this permitted one to enjoy their usual refreshing sleep.

The only real peril from bears in your camp is the loss of your provisions and food; but the untutored fear of the tourist is nothing to be compared with that of the horses, which actually stampede when bruin comes among them. If you take a dog with you to the Park, the rules require him to be chained to the wagon at all times; but whenever the bears come near at night old "Nig" would growl and bark so loudly there would be no sleep for anyone.

The best camp outfitters have mountain hacks for conveyances, which are three seated canopy top wagons, carrying two to each seat, and fully as comfortable to ride in as the Park busses, and their construction does not interfere with the range of vision quite as much as the more inclosed bus.

Then too, an ample number of saddle horses are also furnished, and the one way above all others to best see the Park is on horse back—you are "Monarch of all you

survey" at all times. You can go fast or slow—or not at all; for you often find yourself dismounted picking the flowers or drinking at some refreshing spring or brook, or hammering away at the rocks for some geological

Our Staff: Guide Aron Holm and wife (in front sitting). From the left "Nick" Nobles (cook), Drivers Campbell, Virgin; Cook "Uncle Pete," Drivers "Willie," Neff, and "Missouri."

specimen, or quietly resting in your saddle watching some bear or deer, or it may chance be only the diminutive gopher or squirrel whose mimic movements and chatter hold your attention. If one tires of the saddle he can take his place in the hack, where ample room has been provided. Two of our party rode the entire journey through the Forest Reserve and Park on horseback, riding 357 miles.

The most serious objection to the Camping plan of travel is the possibility of having to experience rainy weather; we were fortunate in having only four hours of rain in seventeen days; but when there is a protracted downpour for a day or longer, it is at a very great inconvenience that the guides do the necessary work of camp cooking, loading and unloading the impedimenta

of the company. Wet canvas tents are hard things to handle; the bedding and blankets are damp, and it may be actually wet unless the best of canvas has been provided. We had new Biddle tents with canvas floors, and in the four hours drenching they received and with the water in little rivulets running at times directly under them, they did not become wet through and furnished a dry and satisfactory bed. But to take these tents down and pack the baggage wagons in a heavy rain would be at the certain risk of having unsatisfactory beds the next night; yet our guide informed us that in all of his many years of conducting tourists and hunting parties through the Yellowstone Park, he never yet knew any of his guests to take cold or become ill on account of exposure or inclement weather.

3rd Way. The Pack Train is the most intensified, and getting to be the most strictly proper form of making an outing.

It is taken up with a great deal of bravado and courage—all expectation of bus travel is abandoned at the outset—you commit yourself to the fate of the saddle

Few miles out from Cody — Guide Aron Holm instructing the children Alice Heath and James Crighton Jr. how to drive Indian saddle ponies.

alone. It is unique; you are proud of yourself, to see how finely you fit in to your new surroundings. How majestically you pose astride your saddle; how nice you feel you must look, and wonder why you have permitted so much of your life to pass without having made more of mountain climbing, and roughing it on horseback. Your horse seems to be an engine of power beneath you, to which you have only to say the word, to cover any distance in a given time. It was a grand conception; you rejoice within yourself that you are to be a free-riding-horse-back-tourist. Your first consciousness is: "Oh how I would like to have my photograph taken now and send it back home."

At the first stop, at noon the first day for lunch, you dismount quickly, yet there is some lagging in your anticipated movements; something snapped as you threw your foot over the saddle pommel to drop to the ground; —nothing broke; it is only your knee joints getting back into normal position.

The lunch is refreshing; you feel quite yourself again, and walk to your saddler, which has been having a feed of oats under a nearby tree, with hardly your usual brisk step, for the spurs bother, or else perhaps you are conscious of more joints in your legs than has ordinarily occurred to you. The afternoon journey begins to seem somewhat long. You are not quite so sure of the perfect way you fit into things. One stirup seems longer than the other, or else its arch presses on the instep and needs to be readjusted. The desire is not so urgent to cover distances rapidly. You really enjoy nature more to let your horse walk. One foot may hang at full length out of the stirrup or be thrown across the horse's neck, for you feel in no particular hurry. Presently the guides pass the word down the line that camp is only two miles ahead, and getting yourself together again in fine form you ride into camp, feigning the original freshness of the morning. Your dismounting amounts .to a practical collapse—you can move, but don't want to. You are puzzled at first

whether to dismount in sections as you unlock your various joints, or whether to make one drastic effort and land in a bunch.

Sleep that night is most refreshing — what a treat to lie flat on your back with every strain and tension loosed, pushing all the kinks out of yourself, and letting your body settle back again into its natural arrangement; for you have been jostled and jounced and jolted down into yourself until you are too compact and compressed for active operations. Sleep soon is about to soothe every overtaxed muscle or twisted bone, when you are startled with the thought of the morrow; for it occurs to you that your only conveyance is that of the saddle horse with which you now are only too familiar after but a single day's travel; but you finally drop off into a sound dose, contemplating walking in the forenoon so you will be free to pick flowers and perhaps follow the stream with your fly, and will ride in the afternoon when the horses are not so fresh and vigorous in their movements. With the morning, however, you are nearly yourself, and so refreshed that you are satisfied to try the saddle again for the entire day, after making such ordinary repairs to bone and flesh as are afforded by the use of Pond's Extract and vaseline; even then you feel you are facing the stern realities of life, and it is only your keen sense of winning a clear record that keeps up your courage—enthusiasm you have let go to the winds.

A good start is made, and you are filled only with the hope that some day you will feel at home in the saddle. You have not traveled long before you are more conscious than ever of your weakest, sorest points. You try to philosophize and study your own anatomy and the relief of strained muscle and cord. You try to follow out practically your thought; presently you wonder what the comfort is of those who ride the side saddle, and with the apparent effort to take a longer and more lasting look at the scenery behind you, you are noticed by your company to be riding well off the perpendicular —a position you persist in maintaining in various modifications during the entire day. With compromises of

this sort the second day is passed, and the night finds the tenderfoot pack-train tourist all but a physical wreck; all ideas of "Monarch of all I survey" have forsaken him; he has no more thought of having his picture taken; he only hopes it will not be taken; he drops himself down heavily to the supper table and is the first and last squatter around the evening camp fire, tired enough to go to bed, but too tired to get there he lingers by the burning log till the last, and finally conquered and conscious of the weakness of the flesh, he crawls into his tent for the night.

The second day is his worst; the third day he becomes accustomed to the saddle and the saddle to him, and associations henceforth are harmonious.

He is now more than victor and would not take a seat in the bus or hack if he could—no longer a tender foot, but a hardened horseman; he rides not only in the forefront with the leading guides, but often gallops on far ahead to see first and alone the wonders of the way. How filled now is every moment with pleasure—bodily pains and aches are a thing of the past. The horseback tourist is now close to nature and nature close to him. There is no way so satisfactory of seeing the Park as on horseback. This, together with the fact that the saddle horses can follow roads and trails not available for wagons, has given birth to the pack train. It is this way that our President Roosevelt makes his hunting trips.

We met four packing parties on our return journey to Cody. The first, a Philadelphia gentleman in the Hayden Valley with four guides and cooks on a five or six weeks' packing trip via Cody and the Sylvan Pass through the Yellowstone and the Jackson Hole and Wind River country with seven horses. This photograph of his head guide gives a pose of horse and rider rivaling any of Lorado Taft's Cowboys at the World's Fair.

Two gentlemen from New York City with their wives were met just on the western slope of the Rockies east of Yellowstone Lake also packing through. After we

had crossed the Pass again we encountered a pack of twenty-one horses, being the outfit of an English duke and his bride, with a friend and his wife, who having heard in England of this new Sylvan Pass route via Cody into the Park, were taking this most enjoyable trip, adding to it also that of the Jackson Hole.

The last party we met was of ladies, who shouted out some moments before we came up to them "We are from Boston," their faces wreathed with smiles; being

A Pack Train Guide

only about five hours journey from their starting point, we wondered just what would be their facial expression the second and third day of their packing trip. Possibly they were experienced riders and would not have the peculiar sensations of some of our party.

Neither old nor very young persons should think of making this trip with the packs; it is too strenuous, and should be taken only by those who are accustomed to the saddle and are strong and vigorous. In our party

we had nine saddles, three two seated new Fremont Mountain hacks, two four horse tent and grub wagons, and one two horse baggage wagon—a total of thirty-two horses, and a dog, old "Nig;" also the wrangler for the horses, a five-year-old mule, "Pete," also called "Maud," and no one ever knew why he was the proud possessor of two such contradictory titles, unless it was from the fact he had the power of a man and the beauty of a woman, and the combined good sense of both.

He took care of these horses better than could three men. He never kicked at anything except being left alone; if you tied him with one or more halters at night

Our Mule "Pete" also called "Maud"

in camp, he would slip them both and go again and look after his charges, who were feeding on the mountain meadows, and guard them until the morning round up. He knew a good thing when he saw it too. When coming down the eastern slope of the Rockies into the Shoshone Valley on our return we met a party of campers, who had a very fine colt following its mother, which was harnessed to the leading team. "Pete" immediately appreciated the fine qualities of the young horse and considered him desirable stock to have on his home ranch back at Cody, and seizing the colt by its short mane, led it off on a gallop toward home. He conducted the colt nearly half a mile before we succeeded in con-

vincing him it was hardly the proper thing to do, all the more so because the private camping party from which he was stealing the colt, was a Presbyterian Preacher from St. Joseph, Mo., and it would certainly give the divine a wrong conception of the morals of this Wyoming Country, where horse stealing is not countenanced in any form.

"Old Pete," as we called the mule, was one of the most interesting and wise specimens of his kind that we ever knew; he did not wish to make many new acquaintances, especially tourists from eastern cities, who came in with all this fuss and feather to go up and down through his realm. He always arrived at camp with the leaders and had a general oversight of all operations, and when the party came up he would stand there demurely, look us all over, letting his long ears hang well forward to shadow his vision, and then as tho' we had suggested something green, he would turn aside and go to eating the grass vigorously. One thing he never failed to do and that was to herald the location of the camp as we came up, with a loud bray, which was a sort of an official welcome to his charges to rest and enjoy the spot—in the same way he would always bray when we left camp and started out on the travel to the next resting place.

There is manifest something of a feeling of who has the greater privilege or authority between the regular drivers of the Transportation Company's busses and the drivers of the camping tourists; the latter call the former "savages," and say they never give one his half of the road. We had come to a narrow part of the road in the mountains; old "Pete" saw the "savages" on ahead—the morning caravan from the Mammoth Hot Springs going south, and they usually are hard fast drivers. "Pete" thought it was his opportunity to balance accounts with those he felt were none too friendly, so he placed himself directly cross-ways the road where it was narrowest and stopped the entire line of the Park busses; for they could not turn out and did not dare run over him. Satisfied at what he had done, he looked back at his master

and our party and gave one of the most protracted and happy brays that a mule ever put forth. After he held the line long enough, he walked back down towards us where was a desirable turning out place, and let the savages go on their way.

MEDICINES OF THE TOURIST.

Of course you must take medicines with you, if you go to the Yellowstone, and especially if you are to camp out, for we were to be ninety-four miles on a road where was no telegraph or telephone connection with the outside world. Many friends suggested lotions and extracts and panaceas that they took with them, and we were happy to have suggestions from experienced tourists and faithfully followed them. The result was we had one grip full of medicines alone; shall we name them all? It would be easier to tell what we did not take; all we lacked of being a drug store was a sign and a license (for we had some things that you have to get the government's sanction before you could traffic in them.) This was all in the way of precaution and wise provision, but as a matter of fact we had little use for anything we brought. Pond's Extract and some skin cures were the most valuable we thought; but our guide told us we would have suffered less from cracked and chapped lips if we had let all of these alone and used water only. It was annoying and painful to have such rough peeling, and bleeding often, lips as we did when we came into the geyser basins. It may have been due to alkali waters we drank.

Our friends were as careful to advise regarding clothing as medicines—indeed the guides wrote us to provide ample warm clothing, for we would pass over some high altitudes (10,000 feet), where there were low temperatures.

We had the finest of weather, though we were in snow fields in the passes, and at no time would winter weights of clothing be necessary during the day; but

the nights were cool and a light overcoat or sacque, and blankets when sleeping were acceptable and necessary.

The railway guide books tell you that umbrellas should be left behind, for they are a positive nuisance, but we found them of great use in the Park to protect from the sun when walking about the various hot springs and geyser basins which the tourist visits. One should not fail to take a good kodak; the size 3¼-5½ is very desirable. Our party took over 600 pictures. In photographing landscapes of wide range or ledges and mountains of great height the Panorama Camera gives best results. You will find an added interest in each picture if you include in it some living object, as your horse or dog or some of the guides and cooks or members of the party. We did not understand this at first and thought best not to mar the natural beauty of a picture in this manner but it adds to, rather than lessens, the value of the photograph. Another thing you will feel the need of if you are at all interested in flowers, and the Yellowstone flora attracts the attention of nearly every tourist, is a herbarium or suitable folio to press and preserve specimens of the flowers found in the park.

With all the details arranged as to when and where to go, a bus, saddle and camping outfit being decided upon, and all the various requisites in the way of clothing and remedies being provided, it remained only to plan what route we should take into the Park. For many years the only feasible way was via Livingston and the Mammoth Hot Springs, which is still the most popular route, especially so because you are only a few hours drive to the Park from the Northern Pacific R. R. Station at Gardiner.

The more recent route is that via Monida, Idaho, which is from the west and is taken by tourists who are brought in by the Oregon Short Line. The drive into the Park from the railroad is some seventy-five miles, and is rather tiresome, as the scenery is tame, and not to be compared with that one meets when entering the Park from either of the other two routes.

About the year 1898 the Government commenced the building of a stage road into the Yellowstone from the east. The various trails, of which there are three, The Clark Fork, The Jones Pass, and The Sylvan Pass, were carefully studied as to their natural beauty and grandeur of scenery. The commission of which Maj. Chittenden of the United States Engineer Corps was chairman, decided that the Cody trail over the Sylvan Pass far excelled all others, and work was soon commenced on building a desirable road, which is to be widened in time to eighteen feet, and after a period of five years it is practically completed. It was our fortune to learn the facts of the selection of this route by having met the guide who first took Maj. Chittenden over the Sylvan Pass and also from the Major himself, whom we met twice during our trip, and he gave us the kindest attention and fullest information on points about which we were seeking information regarding this new route.

Maj. Chittenden believes that the Sylvan Pass route will soon be the most popular one into the Park for those who do not find themselves limited in time to the standard five and one-half day trip; for two weeks at least, and three are better, are needed to enter from Cody. It was the fact that the road was new, that it took one through the Forest Reserve on the east and that all reports were flattering as to the beauty of the scenery that led us to decide upon the Sylvan Pass route, for which decision we will always be grateful.

Our party was the first car party ever into Cody to go into the Park; was the first party over the Pass this year (1905), and the largest party ever over the Pass. There were altogether twenty-nine people, thirty-two horses and "Pete" the mule, who was the equivalent of both. The transportation from Chicago to Cody via the Burlington Route—the only line running to this point—was most satisfactory. The careful attention given our party was apparent; not only were we furnished a Pullman fresh from the shops, but at Chicago, Omaha and at all principal points along the line the passenger agents

of the Burlington met us and in many ways added to the comfort of the journey.

There is a freedom and an atmosphere about a private car party that is most enjoyable, especially when you are off for a three weeks' camping trip to the Rockies. In a way, before we were hardly outside the city limits of Chicago, the young people of our party anticipated this and seated themselves in a group on the floor of the Pullman and began to tell stories of outdoor and camp life.

Our Wagon Train Passing up Gibbon Canyon

It has been remarked that we were ninety-four miles between telephone or telegraph connection with the outside world. One of the party was an operator on the Chicago Board of Trade, and when he started on this trip was long corn and oats, which stood him in a phenomenal profit. No other status of affairs would have permitted one to isolate himself so long from the world. With what avidity did he seize that wire when we did reach the telegraph office at the Lake Hotel, to inquire how much larger were his profits during his absence. We have often wondered what would have been the

mental depression of one, with a reverse of market conditions, being long corn on a declining market, who essayed to make this trip; he certainly would get no enjoyment out of it, nor probably would his friends either. The best outing is to isolate oneself with all wires cut,

No Grain Quotations Here
Sylvan Lake—8,500 Feet High

or no wires at all; to be given over to new thoughts, new surroundings, new impressions; for the business man of today has almost reached a point where he has none; these are the sources of new inspirations and broadening of the man himself.

IN NEBRASKA.

Crossing the North Platte at Grand Island and going up the valley through Broken Bow there are on either side high hills for a hundred miles or more, until we get to Alliance, when the country becomes entirely flat with the most extended range we have ever seen.

All up the valley there is hardly a settler's house to be seen—even the towns are but a few houses and sometimes only one or two at that, and often nothing more than a sign board with the name of the town on it.

Evidences all along are seen of abundant rains this season; on the prairies there are numberless pools and ponds, many of them with wild duck and their young.

The whole prospect is most beautiful and grand. Every acre is richly covered with good growth of grass. Many large herds of cattle and horses are seen, but not nearly enough to eat up the luxuriant crop of grass. The railroad leaves the valley and river near Hyannis—where the river was full to its banks.

No trees are to be seen except here and there where once a tree claim had been staked, and these showed good growth and evidenced that trees could be grown here; many of them on these claims are 8 to 10 inches in diameter.

The soil is a rich sandy loam; many places dark in color, mostly greyish. It seems that Alfalfa and White Beans of California and Michigan should grow well here.

When Alliance is reached the far stretching horizon is pierced here and there with windmills, marking the various settler's locations and ranches, which are about one to three miles apart. Here the land is plowed and planted to some extent with potatoes, wheat and oats. The potatoes are said to be of superior quality. They are plowed in, planted with ground level and never hoed or cultivated. The train conductor said there had been no failure of the potatoe crop at Alliance for fifteen years; land is worth $10.00 an acre.

Telephone lines on sickly poles, thin and crooked, or else 2x4 sawed lumber, stretch their lonely way over this wide territory to the ranches back many miles from the railroad.

No weeds such as burden the farms in Iowa and the East are to be seen here; the fields are clean, and wild flowers are in profusion, the Wild Rose perhaps being most abundant. A thistle with a broad leaf much like the narrow leaf garden lettuce, with a large white flower just like a poppy, is often seen.

One sees very few birds; some snipe and occasionally a Meadow Lark.

The settlers' houses are often built of sod, but at Al-

liance and beyond there are good substantial houses and barns of wood.

Gradually, as we approach Girard and beyond the land becomes slightly rolling with some gravel in the subsoil, and in the runs and creek washings rock strata of conglomerate is seen for the first time. The land seems to be ideal farming land, but we are told there is not usually ample rain fall to produce crops. One feels, however, this could be brought about if trees were planted, and we wonder why the planting of the White Pine has not been done here, where the soil resembles that of the artificial White Pine forests of Germany. If it would thrive there could be grown pine for the whole United States on this vast treeless area.

At Marsland the first running stream of clear water is seen. Between here and Belmont much yellow pine of stunted growth is to be seen. At Belmont we pass through the first railroad tunnel. The ground becomes exceedingly rough, with high broken hills in every direction.

Beyond Belmont the scenery is of wondrous beauty; beetling cathedral cliffs of high overtowering rocks line the valley on either side, like the Palisades of the Hudson, only much higher and their sides are absolutely perpendicular.

Beyond Crawford the valley widens again and along its center are elevated table-lands apparently of dirt, their tops perfectly flat and with their sloping sides covered with rich green grass, they look like nature's sleekest table covered for its Maker. A mighty river once must have flowed through this valley, the sides of which are now perpendicular walls of clay and gumbo 30 to 150 feet high. Table-land back of table-land appears in the background; some are barren (they are of gumbo, which is so slippery when wet cattle can not walk on it.) This is the south end of the Bad Lands of the Dakotas. The high butte on our right is the Crow Butte where the Crow and Sioux Indian battle was fought.

Just north of Crawford the last and highest butte (of gumbo) is called Sugar Loaf—shaped like a pyramid

and looks like a great pile of light clay or gravel, but shows clearly the strata formation made by water. This is the most extensive prairie dog country of the United States. The land in the northwestern part of Nebraska belongs to the government and can be bought at $1.25 per acre.

Many fields of Bromus grass, the grass for arid regions imported a few years ago from Russia, are seen, and it is a great success in this section.

At Edgemont the baggage porter at the station was a colored man—a resident there nine years; the only colored family in town; had a wife and two daughters, one of whom graduated from the Edgemont high school this summer and was the Superintendent of the Sunday School at the Methodist church; he owned his home, which was a fine modern dwelling. He reported the climate not as cold as at Omaha. Hunting was good—there were grouse, sage hens, chickens, but no squirrels.

The table-lands of the Cheyenne river are most beautiful and the valley from three to twenty miles wide. These vary from 150 to 400 or 500 feet high and are in four levels, being the various beds of the river in its valley building. The immediate valley of the Cheyenne is quite heavily timbered, chiefly cottonwood—7 to 18 inches in diameter; here we see the first white alkali patches in the soil. A robin was seen at Edgemont, also a red headed woodpecker, and many more birds than in northwestern Nebraska. The hills to the right are the southern section of the Black Hills of South Dakota, evidently called black because heavily timbered with dark pines of the yellow variety, and exceedingly dark colored foliage. The hills are of stratified sandstone, laying perfectly horizontal. Only two places were seen, one near Edgemont, S. D., and one near Coburn, Mont., where the strata were tilted, and in these two places only about 15 degrees. There are no cultivated fields around Toluca, Mont., where the Cody branch of the Burlington joins the main line from Billings, all the land is used for grazing cattle, horses and sheep. Some alfalfa 2-3 feet high was seen growing along the railroad. We arrived

at Toluca July 4th, and having provided ourselves with several dozen American flags at Chicago we decorated our car with these and also a large bouquet of American Beauties, a gift to Mrs. Crighton from her husband to which were added several bushels of Montana Wild flowers, the Aster, Lupine, Geraniums and the Pink and Yellow Cactus. The car itself was one grand vista of nature's fairest and sweetest flowers. Such a sight was doubly interesting to us just from the city where wild flowers in such beauty and profusion are not to be had at any price.

As soon as we leave Toluca we run into extended palisades hanging on our right, being to the north of the railroad. These at first appear to be rocky castles or mammoth forts of rock rising to 500 feet above the valley with sheer perpendicular sides of sandstone. Further on these palisades (all of horizontal strata) have fully 100 feet of earth on top of them.

At Pryor, Wyo., we come into a most beautiful valley, where is located the Crow Indian Reservation; the soil is rich and location ideal. It is gravel subsoil instead of gumbo, and the Indians raise good crops. A large Indian school is here. The valley lies to the east and west; on the south are the towering Pryor Mountains, the upper one-third of which are perfectly perpendicular masses of rock nearly a thousand feet in height. We pass under them in a tunnel and come out on the other side into the Big Horn Basin into our first and full view of the Rocky Mountains, 60 miles away, with their many snow capped summits hanging like white clouds against the sky-line. The view is beyond description. The north end of the basin has fairly good land, but when Scribner is reached we come into bad-lands, high barren hills with no vegetation, alkali and rock, with little sage brush; one wonders how even a rabbit could live here, but occasionally one is seen; below Mantua, which town is only a sign-board, there is a little improvement; good grazing lands are again to be seen, and we find Garland to the south a good sized village of a dozen or more houses; telephone lines enter the village

from several directions; here the valley widens to 18 or 20 miles, in some places more, lies north and south, is level, and forms an ideal location for irrigation projects. A ditch 56 miles long is to convey water from the new government dam, building at the head of Shoshone canyon at Cody, to this section of country.

Approaching Cody the scenery is again sublime; Heart Mountain on the right is most striking; its summit is a giant sarcophagus shaped rock rising a thousand feet above the mountain proper.

By this mountain is located the Heart Mountain ranch, said to be the best in the state of Wyoming.

The Shoshone River at Cody has banks 100-200 feet high of rock, which shows a dip to southeast of 45 degrees. The stream runs due east through the town; on its north bank is the terminal of the Burlington railroad; on its south side is the scattered village of Cody.

There are three extensive bench levels at Cody, which is situated on the second level. To the southwest is seen the Carter Mountains, a spur of the Rockies—all snow-capped; to the west the Shoshone Canyon, and beyond the snow-capped Rockies in the near middle distance. Up the canyon but a few miles is the conflux of the north and south forks of the Shoshone.

This canyon, which runs due east and west, is formed by the Rattlesnake Mountain on the north, rising some 3,000 feet in height, and Cedar Mountain, nearly as high, from the south side of the canyon. It is on the summit of Cedar Mountain, overlooking the town that bears his name, that Col. Cody hopes to be buried, having for a monument a huge buffalo built of hard cement and electric lights to be placed in the position of eyes for the bison.

The congressional committee appointed to investigate the government projected dam for the irrigation project, which is to be placed at the head of this gorge pronounced the canyon one of the finest, most interesting and most beautiful of any they had visited in the United States. This committee left Cody two days before our arrival, but we met Senator Clark who was still there.

When the road is completed and the dam finished, one will be able to drive from Cody directly through the Canyon, instead of circling Cedar Mountain as we were obliged to do to get into the Shoshone Valley above the gorge. The government will build a bridge in the Canyon that will take the traveler from the south to the

Cedar Mountain—South Fork of Shoshone

north side of the gorge, where starts the new stage road that leads up the valley to the forest reserve and Sylvan Pass.

While going around Cedar Mountain, one of the party who was going ahead on horseback, found by the path in the soft branches of a tiny sage bush where it had probably fallen from the pocket of some thirsty horse-back rider who later undoubtedly bitterly mourned his loss, a fine bottle of Kansas City whiskey—note the adjective re-

fers to the quality of the bottle and not its contents, of which we can give no opinion whatever, as the find was intrusted to "Nick" the cook for safe keeping, and he placed it on the shelf of the cupboard, which formed the back end of the grub wagon, and when the door was let down to open the cupboard, it formed a work and mess table where the cupboard, it formed a work and mess table where the carving, cutting and cook work was done. This firey fluid stood guard on that shelf all through the Park journey. It was a trust that "Nick" looked well after, and it was daily seen in its place unmolested. Some of the party who did not know the history of the article, thought that the fact that the bottle bore a Kansas City label was the reason it was untouched. There is everything in a label. Mark Twain says "That's the way to tell claret from vinegar, by the label on the bottle." whether "Nick" could endure the gaze of that bottle no longer, or whether he really had grown courage to test its contents, or whether he was simply dry for a drink, we never knew, but the last day spent in the mountains, after we had lifted camp, to pass out of the forest reserve, the bottle was seen without its contents under a wild thorn by the same party who had found it on the first day out from Cody. It was never known positively who appropriated the whiskey, but the fact that "Nick" did not cook that morning, but took the fleetest Cheyenne pony of our pack and was seen going with a frequent war-hoop at breakneck speed over the shorter cut Cheyenne Indian trail for Cody, hat in one hand and reins in the other, led us to conclude that his increased activity was due no doubt to the contents of that bottle.

Above the canyon the water is sweet snow-water, but just between it and Cody is a mammoth flowing sulphur spring that odorizes the whole stream, and largely the entire Cody atmosphere.

With Aron Holm as outfitter and guide we got a late strart from Cody and Wednesday noon, July 5th, I reached Marquette. where we stopped for lunch on the south fork* of the Shoshone about a mile above the point

*See photo page 31.

where it joins the north fork. When the government dam is built the water here will have a maximum depth of 200 feet and an area of ten miles square. Following the north fork of the Shoshone we pass through a rough country, bad lands, a narrow valley, with settlers scattered, but all the ranches have alfalfa crops under irriga-

The Good Guide

tion. We camped July 5th about seven miles from Marquette on the north fork opposite Logan's Ranch at Camp "Break-down." Our supply wagon broke down here, hence this name.

The sky line of the mountains to the west from Camp "Break-down" was most striking and stood clear and sharp against the sunset hues and twilight with the new moon hanging well up in the heavens. The many sharp angles in the mountain outline catch and hold the eye of the observer; the air is clear and distances impossible to estimate. Mountains 60 miles from us in this shut-in valley where the observer stands, appear close at hand.

The current of the river here is very rapid; the water is pure snow-water. The mountains on either side rise to heights of 10,000 to 12,000 feet above the sea level.

Thursday noon, July 6th, we got a late start, about 8 a. m., from Camp "Break-down" but shortly after noon reached the boundary of Yellowstone Park Timber Re-

Entrance North Fork Valley of the Shoshone

serve, and here we strike a fine road made by the government, and quite equal to a boulevard; at present it is only a single road in width, but it is to be made a double road soon. The scenery here at the very first entrances one, and it is hardly possible to describe it. On our left and immediately over the carriages is a solid perpendicular cliff 1,000 feet high; at its base runs the river, and the highway in places has been cut out of the solid rock.

A few rods beyond there is a margin of green grass and trees between the road and river, and here we ate our lunch at 1,000 foot rock camp.

About 3 p. m. Thursday, July 6th, we again proceeded, following up the valley for some ten miles. At the conflux of the Wapiti and Shoshone Creeks, "Buffalo Bill"

The Beautiful Shoshone

has his first hotel on the Park road, "Wapiti Inn;" this is just building and nearly completed. This is a most beautiful spot, for three valleys meet here. We camped at "Poplar Camp,"* about ten miles in on the Park road; the valley now is extremely narrow. Climbing the hill to the north we get the grandest view yet seen on this trip; range upon range of timbered mountains, while higher up and to the south we see the lofty snow-capped Rockies.

Friday, July 7th. We continue up the valley, and the scenery today is the most imposing of rock formation hanging on our right and left; the eye is bewildered by the grandeur of the valley, the beauty of which is continuous and extravagant. The picture is constantly changing; and now we are coming into the Spruce and Balsam, which supplant the Cottonwood and Poplar, and we lunch at noon Friday at Spruce Tree Camp. About 3 p. m. again we move on up the valley, past Fish Hawk Creek and Eagle Creek, by "Buffalo Bill's" second hotel, Pahaska Teepee, at the conflux of the Shoshone and the Middle Creek, certainly an ideal spot for a camping, hunting or outing headquarters. About three miles beyond we pass the boundary line of the Forest Reserve and enter the Park proper. There is a new two-story and wing house and ice house and barn here where the eastern gate caretaker resides. A notice calls for all to register, but we are the first party entering from the east this season. The caretaker's house is closed and boards nailed over the windows. A mile beyond we meet two teams, the first since entering the reserve, and we learn from them that Sylvan Pass is open; that 150 men are now there shoveling out snow in the road. This comforts us, for since we left Cody the ranchmen have said we probably could not get through as the snow was still ten feet deep in the pass.

The Middle Fork has a more rapid current than even the rapid North Fork of the Shoshone, and it now often breaks into rapid and foaming cascades, opposed in places

*The names of the camps were given by the party and suggested by the setting of the camp itself.

Camp Beautiful
(The camp was under the hill in the foreground)

by fallen trees and logs which have crossed its course. The waters are now entirely sweet and clear; the bottom of the stream is easily seen when the waters are not turbulent. We call it the busy Shoshone, for in a distance of 58 miles it falls nearly 6,000 feet.

Our road follows the banks closely all the way and has been so carefully constructed and built by the government that it is a veritable boulevard of the forest; any automobile could easily pass along it, except at Bear Creek, which has not been bridged, as it fails to confine itself within its banks, and here and there for several rods crosses the road in a rushing torrent. Presently we come to a little widening of the valley—on either right or left is a small carpet of freshest green grass; to the left the rushing waters of the Middle Fork and higher up for 2,000 feet the perfectly timbered sides of the mountain, green with the tall towering Spruce; on the right in the background and but ten rods from the road rise individual Spruce, and here and there in clumps, to a height of 80 to 100 feet each, green their entire length. Indeed it is almost impossible to detect a dead tree anywhere. Higher up on the right rises the mountain pasture and cliff and forest, with the Spruce hiding the summit of the mountain from our view. At our back looking down the valley from this elevation of 7,000 feet we can see: Giant Castle Mountain barren and snow-clad 10,100 feet high, while up the valley we have our vision shut off by Top Notch Peak, 10,000 feet high, all in pure white dress, except its gray precipitous sides where the snow can not hang. We camp here. Friday night, July 7th, at Christmas Tree Camp, but the name is soon changed to "Camp Beautiful;" for

With stream and meadow
And grass of tenderest green,
Crossed by constant shadow,
Guarded by mountains serene,
With a flood of beauty before us
And pinacled green Spruces back,
Everything its share contributes

That the camp may have no lack.
From the name we first had given
We turn to a more fitting one,
To christen this earthly Heaven,
Thousand hued by the setting sun.
What shall best express it?—
Words fail when we need them most;
We try to think what God would call it
This gem of priceless cost;
When the name comes quickly to us—
And from our memory will ne'er be lost
These words "Camp Beautiful."

Saturday, July 8th. There was a heavy frost in this high altitude and many of us wanted to lie abed this morning, but "Uncle Pete" was blowing the breakfast horn loud and early.

William E. Curtis, correspondent Chicago Record-Herald says: "The pleasures of camping out are not apparent the first night to one who is unaccustomed to it. The second night is not so bad; the third night is a little better, and if a man can live long enough he can get used to most anything. The worst part is getting up in the morning, particularly if the weather is frosty; but if you are allowed to lie abed there will always be a lot of idiots talking and laughing around your tent."

In sight-seeing this has been a day of extremes. The entire forenoon was filled with sights of sublime beauty and grandeur, while the afternoon found us down from the mountain tops breathing the sulphurous vapors of Turbid Hot Springs, east of the Yellowstone Lake; all the morning visions were suggestive of heavenly things, while the evening finds us amidst those infernal.

Leaving Camp Beautiful at 8:00 a. m. we soon came to the closer and sharper ascent of the mountain leading up to Sylvan Pass, nearly 10,000 feet high. The road is cut in the side of the mountain, and in many places out of solid rock; it was in no way inferior to that already traveled since entering the Forest Reserve and Park. The ascent to the Pass was through a narrow

valley formed by two lofty mountains, the sides of either being heavily timbered with Spruce and Balsam—the tallest and largest we have ever seen.

Presently the road seemed to hang on the very edge of the mountain; the ravine is several hundred feet below us, on our left; the rushing waters of the Middle Fork seem like a silver ribbon drawn through the green mantle of Spruce, hiding either side of the ravine. As we ascend it is noticed that the flowers are getting less numerous; yet some varieties appear that we did not find in the valley below.

In the Heart of the Forest

As we ascend the mountain we get a more extended view of the forests, but are too shut in between the mountains to see any snow-capped peaks. On the mountain opposite we see a strip reaching nearly to the summit where all the trees are down, and could not at first discover the cause, but we soon preceive it was the autograph of an avalanche, which gathering up in icy masses the waters of a stream that ran directly down from the summit, together with the additional snows of winter, had used this gigantic pen to engross its handwriting on the mountain side.

Presently we came to an elevation where the timber is dwarfed and stunted, and little to be seen on either hand except beetling cliffs whose bases are buried in

Sylvan Pass (Western Slope)

fine rock, the disintegration of centuries; while this is the action of frost and ice, it looks as though the mountain top was voluntarily sacrificing itself, willing to be broken into fine pieces, and ground to dust, if by so doing it can create a soil at its base that will attract plant and tree life to itself.

The waters in the middle creek ravine on our left are no more to be seen, as we are at its very source, and the tiny stream is entirely concealed by the fine broken rock fallen into its bed from the overhanging cliffs. These reappear two miles below in the Mammoth Crystal Spring, the largest in the Park.

The greatest work of the frost and ice yet seen is now on our right, and for nearly 1,500 feet is a precipitous incline called the "Devil's Slide," running from the highest point of Sylvan Pass to our very wagon road, which zigzags through this field of fine rock for the balance of the way to the top of the Pass.

Before this is reached, however, we find ourselves in the snow fields through which a road has recently been shoveled by the government and the snow is just level with the top of the saddle, as we pass through on horseback. There are working here about 150 men who are widening the road and carting the dirt up from the west side of the pass to put on the fine rock of which the road is made. Here we met the Superintendent of road construction working with his men. He tells us the government has been at work five years on this Sylvan Pass outlet, and that it is the intention now to make it the entire length a double width road.

Here again we see a unique sight in a waterfall of the stream that comes from the summit of Sylvan Pass —the waters in falling strike a rocky point which divides the flow, half going to the east down the Middle Fork into the Shoshone and the Bighorn, and later into the Yellowstone at Custer; while the other half in a short flow comes to Avalanche Lake, a small, pure, clear water gem on the western edge of Sylvan Pass, and a quarter of a mile beyond into Sylvan Lake, which is a veritable mirror of the mountain—clear as crystal—abounding in

trout, which are easily caught by casting from the shore; some we hooked weighed nearly 2 lbs., and we all relished them at our lunch Saturday, July 8th, which was eaten on the shore of Sylvan Lake nearly 8,500 feet high. Sylvan Lake empties itself into Clear Creek, which flows directly west into Yellowstone Lake at Elk Point. Here we saw the first "Camp Robbers;" these are not men but birds; about the size of the Blue Jay, white tipped wings and gray bodies and in their movements quite like a Cat Bird only not so quick; they are very tame and

Elder Crighton on Log Raft Fishing in Sylvan Lake

very fond of cooked food of any kind.

On the very top of the mountain overhanging Sylvan Lake is another lake, which was visited by the Superintendent of Road Construction Sunday, July 2nd, and he told us it was then still frozen over with ice.

The largest pine tree in the Yellowstone is within one-half mile of Sylvan Lake—it is 22 feet in circumference.

Soon after leaving the summit we, in working down into the valley, come out on the brow of the mountain, where we have a clear range of vision into Idaho, and

see far off to the south the great Teton Mountains with their sky mingled outlines of blue and gray, being hard to distinguish them from the very clouds themselves; they appear to be things of heaven instead of earth, so high are they.

Being so far away we could not photograph them.

Around to our left we see Grizzly Bear, the angular and triangular snow-clad mountain of Wyoming.

To the front and right lies the Yellowstone Lake in full view, but some thirty miles away, lieing in the midst of mountains like a mammoth amethyst gem set to adorn the great green mantle of forest and meadow that surrounds it.

Nothing here is incongruous; everything is in full perfection and harmony. Our eyes are carried along the green valleys to the lake and farther on to the Spruce clad mountains beyond, and still higher up to the gray rock and snow-clad summits of the distant Rockies and Tetons, until we feel we have witnessed the setting of the grandest harmony of nature's greatest symphony, which has bourn us from the prelude of the valleys up to very heaven itself.

From such a view point and atmosphere of inspiration we drop quickly to the plain below, where our approach is welcomed by vapors of sulphur and odors of the nether region. We pitch our camp for Saturday night, July 8th, at Turbid Springs and Turbid Lake. The ground everywhere in and about the place is emitting steam, vapors and odors, and is hot beneath the feet; many of us feel that hell is nearer than we expected to see it, and now find ourselves filled with thoughts directly opposite those we enjoyed on the height above.

There is a grewsomeness about this place that almost repels one after the first view and experiencing of the seething caldrons of mud and water and sulphur; we feel we will be glad when we are told to move on from camp on Sunday morning, July 9th, 5th day, to Yellowstone Lake Camp, two miles southwest of the Lake Hotel. This drive was largely through level and rolling timbered country, with here and there large open areas

of wild meadow and pasture, ideal feeding places for the elk and deer.

Several elk were seen, also bear and several deer, coons, rabbits and eagles with their young. Just as we were approaching the flats before crossing the bridge over the Yellowstone a mamma wild duck appears in the lagoon on our left and swims along leading her generous brood of eleven little ones, showing in this government game preserve her faithfulness to the tenets of the present administration and thus strenuously protesting against race suicide in the duck family.

Presently we come to the Lake Hotel on the northwest corner of Yellowstone Lake; new and spacious three-story structure, finely built with southern exposure overlooking the lake, broad steps and entrance through imposing, pure white corinthian columns 50 feet in height; and the building itself painted a soft yellow; it extends a welcome that is in keeping with the generous atmosphere of the Park.

Sunday noon, July 9th, we lunch little further around to the south on the road to the west arm; some of the party cast in the lake for fish, and salmon trout are only too ready to respond to the invitation; fishing here loses much of its zest, that is the life of the sport, and becomes the less interesting for this reason.

We start at 1:30 p. m. for the west arm of the lake, arriving about 5:30 p. m., driving along 16 miles of the circle or main road of the tourist travel, and have never experienced such clouds of dust; barring this the drive was full of interest, but not equal to that coming over Sylvan Pass; for here the trees are not as luxuriant, their lower limbs are dead and the freshness and beauty are lacking that we saw in the Forest Reserve. At 1:30 p. m. Sunday we proceeded around over the small hills to the south and camp at 5:00 p. m. at Yellowstone Lake West Arm Camp.

This is a beautiful spot for resting for the night, and ample pasturage for the horses; fishing for those inclined and a fine shore line and beach. Across the lake to the south we can see only snow-clad mountains. The

sand and rock of the beach is volcanic and its dark gray contrasts fittingly with the clear blue waters and the green Spruce and Balsam. The waters are clear and soft and most pleasant to wash in, but too cold for bathing, the temperature being 45 to 50 degrees. This is said to be the highest navigable body of water in the world— 7,822 feet above sea level. A steamer runs from West Arm to Lake Hotel—fare $3·00. A yearling doe walked into our camp at sundown, looked the visitors over for a few minutes and then disappeared in the timber. Yellowstone Lake is 300 feet deep and has a shore line of 100 miles.

A scripture reading, song and prayer service was held for fully an hour, and all the campers, guides and park road camp workers joined our circle and heartily enjoyed the meeting and thanked us heartily for the privilege of being present.

Right here we wish to mention that all the Wyoming people we have met on this trip are among the most gentlemanly and refined and courteous in manner that it has been our pleasure to meet anywhere. Since leaving Cody six days ago, we have not heard a single swear word from any of the men. They have shown themselves to be perfect gentlemen, well educated high grade men—many of them good botanists; students of Shakespeare, posted on the scientific investigations of the U. S. Agricultural Department and quite in touch with the topics of the times.

Monday morning, July 10th—6th day. On the West Arm of Yellowstone Lake is quite an extensive geyser basin, mostly boiling pools of water of various hues; some being green, others blue, still others brown or muddy. Then again, in some there is little water but mostly mud in soft, plastic condition, permitting it to boil or sputter and blow into the air for several feet this material that resembles thick paint, and gives the name of Paint Pots to these peculiar springs, which form around themselves cones out of the mud thrown up.

The analyses of the various springs, nor the temperatures is not posted by the government, but evidently many

have much sulphur, and others lime, as can be seen from their deposits.

The boiling fish pot is in Yellowstone Lake itself—about a rod from the shore and four to five feet above the lake level, it has formed for itself a cone 40 feet in diameter at base and 5 at top, having in the center a pool of clearest boiling water, which when cooled is a refreshing drink, it being so pure, sweet and soft. About the base of the cone the black spotted trout of the lake are swimming, and here it is possible to stand on the

The Fish Pot — Yellowstone Lake

cone and catch fish and drop it in the pool and cook it.

Yellowstone Lake abounds in fish—the black spotted mountain trout, and all the streams running into it are teeming with them. It was here we saw two employes of the government netting them to get spawn for the hatchery. At a single draw of the seine at a small bridge, where a creek emptied into the lake, we saw them take fully 20 bushels of live trout.

Leaving the lake we now pass over the first Continental divide and eat our lunch Monday noon, July 10th, at Divide Camp, from which we proceed to the west at 1:30 p. m. This camp was located on the north bank of the head waters of O'Leary's Creek, in a ravine meadow well timbered, and the stream had many peculiar stones

in its bed, some with traces of iron, others petrified wood, and a few with gold. This stream farther down the mountain abounds in speckled brook trout, same as found in the east, and a few were caught by some of our party; this caused them to linger behind and resulted in their finally losing the road, going nearly to Old Faithful geyser instead of Lone Star where we were to camp. The ride down the valley was an enjoyable one, with no striking or picturesque scenery of special note, though the road passes through what is called Norris Pass; at no point was there lacking the Balsam and Spruce, which were larger and greener than we found after we had reached the upper geyser basin, where we camped for the night at Lone Star Geyser Camp, which name we were forced to change to "Mosquito Camp"—

For what shall we say
When we want to swear and can't
When after the tiresome travel day
We've rested and pitched the camp,
Unwittingly amongst mosquito myraids
And gnats no less countless too,
Which swoop down on cheeks and foreheads
And rammed their bills clear through,
Not only our skin, flesh and muscle,
But it seemed our bones as well,
And Elder Crighton after a hard moral tussle,
Wished all mosquitoes and gnats were in —— (no matter)
Only he regretted he couldn't fully express it,
And this feeling was shared by all;
For in this fairest land of creation
Will you tell us why they were needed at all?

Whatever hard words were thought or spoken about Mosquito Camp by our comrade, James Crighton, it is only fair to say—

That in Jim's sin
We all joined in.

The geyser Lone Star is well named; it is a star and it is alone, off the circle some three miles south of Old Faithful; it is a cylinder about eighteen feet in diameter and nearly the same in height, of solid rock lime formation; through the center is an opening about 7x16 inches, with some minor vents on the sides and top; it emits little or no water when not in action, which occurs every three hours. It throws water about 75 feet high, and plays for some ten to fifteen minutes. The steam pressure is high and makes a loud roar as it comes forth. There are many hot springs and pools near by.

Tuesday, July 11th (7th day.) We left Mosquito Camp early and reached Old Faithful Geyser about 10:00 a m., and it was not long before the old geyser was in full eruption, throwing up a large volume of water in a composite fountain form, so we had a veritable water mountain in view. This geyser plays every 65 minutes, and so reliable is it in its activities that the name "Old Faithful" was given it, for it has never disappointed the Park visitor; hence the management of the hotel that stands hard by felt warranted in placing a searchlight on the gable of the Inn to illumine the geyser by night. This is the Upper Geyser Basin, and has many geysers of varied formation and interest and irregular eruption; some have not played for years. The Giantess Geyser is just across the river from Old Faithful; it has been sounded for a depth of 2,000 feet. Here is also the Lion, Lioness and Cubs, Beehive, Vault and others. It would be difficult here to even name them all, to say nothing of giving any intelligible description of their special characteristics; but all of them are clear hot water pools, springs or fountains, of varied and various hues and colorings, that give to each an individuality and interest.

In the Middle Geyser basin is located the Giant, which plays every eight days. The Grotto, a powerful low spouted, many throated geyser, which had built for itself a real grotto, was throwing water and steam in great volumes from its many mouths; it plays every two hours.

A little beyond and across the Firehole River is the

Riverside Geyser, which plays fifteen minutes every four hours. This is of peculiar and unique interest; it was just on the bank and in the edge of the stream; but had built for itself a cone or pedestal some 20 feet in height; it is small throated and of great steam pressure, hence its eruptive height is great. It throws a little off from the perpendicular, and the water reaches a height of 75 feet or more and falls into the river.

Tuesday noon, July 11th, we lunched by the River Side Geyser, and it played during the noon hour.

Just below, about fifteen rods, is the Mortar Geyser, also on the bank of the Firehole River, and it nearly equals in force and beauty its companion the Riverside; about fifty feet from the Mortar is the Fan Geyser, of moderate eruptive activity, but yet of interest. We should have mentioned when speaking of the Grotto, the Giant, about fifteen rods to the south of it, which plays about every eight days, and with the Beehive in the Upper Basin is the highest in the Park—250 feet.

None of the Geysers are in constant eruption; some of them have not played for years, like the Excelsior, which is the largest in the Park, has not been active since 1888 and is now a boiling pool, and sends over its edge a very large amount of water. All of the pools, however, are constant boilers.

Following down the Firehole River past the Excelsior Geyser referred to, which is located just beyond the Devil's Half Acre, a hot spring tract, we come to the Prismatic Lake just back of the Excelsior Geyser, and many of the party thought the colorings in the waters here the most interesting and beautiful yet seen; but it is a very difficult matter to say, which pool, or spring, or geyser ranks first, for each has its peculiar characteristics and charm, and one lingers at each fascinated by that inexplanable thing he sees before him. One pool perhaps twenty feet in diameter near the Mortar Geyser is called the Morning Glory, and it is indeed in shape, coloring and beauty a reproduction of that flower itself. In all the pools (and geysers as well, when not in action), the waters are so very limpid, clear, transparent and

richly hued, that it does not seem to be water exactly, but a jeweled world, cavern or grotto, into which you are not only looking, but are invited to enter to get a closer view, and perhaps even an actual touch of this beautiful thing you are beholding, unmindful of the fact that it is a boiling hot pool of water, and that closer contact would be death.

By the Morning Glory is the Gem, a perfect sapphire jewel set in the earth.

In the afternoon of Tuesday we continue down the valley of the Firehole River and come to the lower geyser basin near the Fountain Hotel; here we visited the White Dome Geyser of irregular eruption; the Great Fountain which every eight hours throws the largest volume of water of any of the live park geysers. The cavern of the Great Fountain was of indescribable beauty —as the sun shone into it at 3:00 p. m. it had the appearance of a gem studded hall or cave of a thousand hues or colorings. Here is also to be seen Firehole Spring, which is the hottest and most wonderful of the boiling pools we have seen. The bubbles that come up through the cavern of water are so large and blue and continuous that there is the appearance of actual tongues of flame shooting up through the waters, and when the surface is reached breaks forth in bubbles, but no steam. This water is intensely hot. Any piece of wood or stone remaining in it a few hours is soon encrusted with a white coating of lime that makes it look like a piece of crystalized marble.

Firehole Lake has several similar boiling places in it and the guides here all believe it is actual flames of fire in the water.

Following down the valley of the Firehole River we soon come in view of the Fountain Hotel, which has all of its rooms supplied with hot water from the White Sulphur Spring, which is on the brow of the hill from where we are looking, close by the road, a hot pool of water 30 feet in diameter, and perhaps 20 feet deep at the center. The general shape of these hot water pools is that of an inverted cone; at the edge the water is rarely

over an inch or two deep, and it overflows in a thin shallow stream. This is the form of spring most generally seen; but often the sides are precipitous, as in the case of the Giantess, which as already stated has a depth of over 2,000 feet.

We continue down the Firehole River for several miles, passing the conflux of the Nez Perce Creek, near which General Howard fought the famous Indian fight of 1877. We camped Tuesday night, July 11th, at Cold Spring Camp, on the Firehole river. Here the gnats and mosquitoes were quite bad. During the evening several thunder storms passed around us to the south and east in the Park, and it rained a little at our camp, but not enough to lay the dust.

Some of the party caught several fine brook trout, about 8 ounces each, in the stream, and we had them for supper and breakfast.

Wednesday morning, July 12th—the 8th day. We got a fairly early start and continued down the Firehole River. Mr. Crighton, Mrs. Heath, Alice Heath and Mr. Bastien going ahead on horseback, but the gnats bit so ferociously they all abandoned this method of travel, except Mr. Bastien. We passed the western road which enters the Park from Monida, and bearing off to the right leave the valley of the Firehole River, passing over the divide into the valley of the Gibbon, which we find a beautiful valley with two beautiful cascades, the whole scenery resembling more the Sylvan Pass route than that of the Park proper.

We camped at noon, Wednesday, July 12th, at Gibbon Valley Camp, adjoining the permanent camp of Wylies. We find good water here from a spring; most of the river water in all of Geyser Basins is unpalatable owing to the large amout of sulphur and other minerals in it, and then too, many of the streams are too hot to drink. As we were about to eat our lunch a yearling Cinnamon Bear came into camp and looked over the garbage pile and made out for himself apparently a satisfactory meal, after which he came closer to us and gave a minute survey of the trespassers of his realm.

He was so tame he would come and eat cheese almost out of our hands. At this point of the Gibbon Valley, branches off the road to the western boundary meeting the Monida road from Firehole river a few miles west of our camp. All the visitors from the Oregon Short Line enter the Park by this road.

Beryl Spring on the edge of the road about fifteen feet above it is a large boiling blue pool, before we come

Chas. A. Heath and the Bear

to the Gibbon meadows. Here and there on the hill tops and through the woods and openings we can see the vapors rising, or smell sulphurous odors, showing that all this country between the Lower and Norris Geyser Basins is of similar formation, and forms practically one continuous geyser district, transepted by occasional low range of hills or mountains, which themselves may also have hot springs and geysers on their sides or summits.

We camp Wednesday night, July 12th, at Elk Park Camp on Gibbon River

Where having arrived at 4 p. m.
We see the women and also men
Washing faces and dusting clothes;
Others doctoring a sunburnt nose.
Right here in this connection

We feel we should especially mention,
The proboscis condition, and state also
Of our young lady friend, Miss Dammereau;
Whose nose ordinarily is a neat affair,
But in this geyser sun-cooked air
It rivals the pool of many a hue;
For you couldn't say 'twas red or blue,
But a combination of every shade
From natural white to darkest spade.
In trying to name it, all were mute
When the owner exclaimed "Why its sizzling Butte"
There are other facial looks we could tell,
But on them now we will not dwell,
Only it is proper that this be said,
That whether it be our hands or head,
We are all sunburnt and bitten too,
And could almost swear till the air was blue,
Ever since we struck
These Basins.

Several fine rainbow trout, also a few grayling, were caught in the Gibbon River; they were exceptionally good eating.

Thursday, July 13th—the 9th day. Just as we were finishing our breakfast a storm cloud blew up from the southwest, though the sun had risen bright and clear, but it rained and hailed only a few minutes, enough to lay the dust, however, and cool the atmosphere. We left our grub wagons and camp behind to meet them on our return from Mammoth Hot Springs at night, we to meet each other and camp for the night on Willow Creek, about four and one-half miles above the Circle Road that will take us over to the Canyon tomorrow—Friday.

Our drive from Elk Park Camp on the Gibbon River soon brings us to the Norris Geyser Basin, which is a north and south valley, sloping mostly to the west, and it looks like a mammoth manufacturing center. The valley was nearly hidden from view by the immense volumes of steam emitting from the earth in probably a hundred or more hot springs, pools and geysers. There

are very few large or high geysers in the Norris Basin, but it is the most active of any the geyser districts. Here we see the Black Growler, a cold steam geyser, sending forth two streams of steam with great force and without interruption. Nearby is the Twentieth Century, formerly a hot spring, but now a good geyser of regular eruption.

Leaving this basin we come into Willow Creek Valley, which we follow for several miles and pass Twin

Elk Park Camp

Lakes, two lakes of bluish green water of peculiar charm and beauty. On our right is Roaring Mountain. We are now refreshed by water from Crystal Spring, a small spring in the wall of the roadside, but the water is very sweet and cold.

Still further on we come to Apollinaris Spring. This water deserves its name, and is so nearly a duplicate of the celebrated water of that name one is unable to distinguish between them.

On our right, overhanging the road, is a mountain of rock some three-eighths of a mile in length and 400 to 500 feet high that is called Obsidian Cliff, a most unus-

ual formation, for at its base and top it has a horizontal stratification, while almost one-fifth the distance from the top running the entire length is a layer of natural black glass about 25 to 40 feet thick, which clearly showed its volcanic nature.

We now cross Gardiner River, and after riding through several miles of open meadow come to the western (or southern, rather), entrance to Golden Gate, where we eat lunch.

The Golden Gate can be seen to the best advantage by approaching it first from the south, as we did, instead of from the north, the usual way followed by tourists coming in from Mammoth Springs and Gardiner. As we approach it there is no promise of the wonderful panorama that is soon to open to our view; for we have been crossing some miles of flat low or meadow land, through which a small stream, Glen Creek, peacefully flows.

To be sure far away to the west and southwest are to be seen lofty snow-capped pyramidal peaked summits of the Electric Mountains, but they are so far away we are not especially impressed by them at this point.

We are most concerned with the low rocky ranges in front of us where our road seems to stop, and are beginning to wonder which way our path will lead; we have not gone a hundred rods before the panorama begins to open up to us; our little stream hard by the road on our right drops a hundred feet in graceful thin white curtains; our road turns sharply to the left, and we find that on emerging from our meadow plateau, we are now hanging on the edge of the mountain—the canyon half a mile in length lies due east and west and over a thousand feet in height; the road is constructed on the northern side at about the middle line, and following the windings of the canyon doubles on itself at several points, adding to the picturesqueness of the scenery.

Artificial abutments of cement a hundred feet high have been constructed to sustain the road as it turns the sharpest point; the little stream has almost lost itself in the deep ravine, where it appears as but a silver

The Golden Gate

thread woven through the fallen rocks. High on the right the south side of the canyon stands at just the angle to catch the rising or setting sun; the rock colored a tan or yellow by iron and other deposit has given the name

GOLDEN GATE.

The canyon turns sharply to the north and its southern side stands now directly across its path with still higher mountains of golden rock before us, vieing with the rest in reflecting the sunlight; it fails us to fittingly describe the picture.

Suddenly our road, now passing to the north along the left mountain, has brought us into more strange and most wierd scenes. The mountain top is some 1,000 feet above us; we are about its middle line on the edge of the foot hills; but what a boulder forest is before us! on either side the rocks are now a light gray, stratified lime and sandstone also conglomerate, but broken into hundreds of mammoth boulders and all with an average dip of 45 degrees against the mountain, instead of away from it, as one would naturally expect. This boulder forest has been unfortunately, yes unfittingly, named "The Hoodoos." From here we can see the larger valley running north and south into which the canyon opens. To the left is old Fort Yellowstone, and far to the north is snow-capped Sepulchre Mountain, and east of it Mt. Everts, which is joined on the east and south by Prospect Peak, Falsom Peak, and away to the southwestern point Storm Peak. The road that leads us to the Petrified Forest, Tower Falls and Lower Yellowstone passes south of Mt. Everts and around Prospect Mountain; our limited time does not allow us to see this part of the Park. The light gray boulders through which the road has led us for half a mile is fittingly named

SILVER GATE.

Having passed this we can now see the vapors of Mammoth Hot Springs at the foot of the mountain on the left of the road, and soon we are at the springs them-

selves, which are on a side hill 200 feet above the Military Fort Station. It would not be possible to picture in words the formations about the springs, the water of which carry in solution a very large amount of salts and lime, and deposits them as it flows down the hillside; so rapid has been the growth of these accretions that terraces 150 to 200 feet high have been formed; some parts as white as parian marble; others brown, red, green, etc., and the thin mantle of water flowing over it all adds to the brightness of the colorings and puts the possibilities of description beyond human power, and the camera is equally powerless to reproduce it. It must be seen to be understood, and then we do not understand, but are only charmed and silenced by the beauty before us.

This formation is called Jupiter's Terrace.

We feel the day has been one of the most profitable in sightseeing. We have seen mountains made aeons ago; the stream patiently cutting them asunder and the hot springs building themselves strongly fortified homes of rock.

Through this panorama Nature speaks
And tells us how in ages gone
She uplifted the mountain peaks
To heights that almost touch the sun.
Mountains formed of the waters stone,
Which creation's ocean in layers made
In primeval time when the earth was young,
And hid them deep in her bosom's shade;
Here not allowed to remain unmoved
Nor left unseen at the bottommost sea
Some mighty power has them upheaved,
Revealing earth's secrets to you and me.
Not only the story of the rocks,
In lofty mountains do we discern
But creation's power, frail man so mocks,
That he reverently seeks to learn
The truth that nature clear has written
Of Him who made the earth and Heaven—

For in mountain, cliff, hot spring or canyon,
God's handiwork we most surely see,
And in nature's whole dominion,
One Creator of both it and me.

At Fort Yellowstone is the Military Post, Weather Bureau Station, Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel, many fine residences occupied by the army officers, several stores, fine irrigated lawns, and withal quite an attractive place to live, but with very limited advantages.

Returning we met the grub wagons at Willow Creek Camp as planned, and here we camped Thursday night, July 13th. We all were tired, and found a good supper waiting us, new cake, apple pie, pork and beans, nice biscuit and apple sauce.

Friday, July 14th—10th day. All slept well, though mosquitoes were bad; a bear in the camp about midnight created some disturbance, and the black dog "Nig" raised a tremendous protest; but as he did not have his freedom (the regulations of the camp requiring all dogs to be kept chained), he could do nothing more than growl and bark, which he did nobly. The horses ran about wildly, as they always do when a bear comes among them. About 5.00 a. m. it sprinkled a little and at 8.00 it was heavily overcast and began to thunder and threaten rain. About 9 o'clock enough rain had fallen to lay the dust, and with the sun again shining, we left for the Grand Canyon via the middle circle road, following up the Gibbon River, which we crossed yesterday. The drive is without special interest, until we come to the Virginia Cascades near which we camp at Gibbon River Cascade Camp, Friday noon, July 14th.

The Cascades have made for themselves a small, but very beautiful canyon; the road formerly followed the bed of the stream, but a new and higher road has recently been constructed, which takes one above the middle line of the canyon, and thus enables the tourist to get a more extended view of the valley. The rocks here are of light gray sandstone, but quite hard, however; the canyon is not as deep as some; then, too, at this

point the Gibbon may more properly be called a creek than a river.

At 1.30 p. m. we continue eastward to the Grand Canyon, where we arrive about 5 p. m. after a very dusty and unpleasant drive, the mosquitoes adding to our discomfort, making it by far the most unpleasant hours of travel yet experienced. It was at this time that Mrs. Marx asked Uncle George Harris why John the Baptist was like a penny. After some consideration of the query Mr. Heath answered "Because he is one sent;"—"by God" added Mrs. Marx, completing the answer. But uncle George burst out laughing and did not stop until we reached the canyon and averred, notwithstanding Mrs. Marx's vigorous denial that this was plain profanity provoked by mosquito pests and dust.

The infection from the poison of the bite of the gnats is very painful, but is not felt until the next day. In the forty-two miles horseback ride to the Mammoth Hot Springs, Messrs. Bastien and Heath were severely bitten by gnats, but did not feel the effects of it particularly until this morning, when our necks and foreheads were much swollen and the pain extended to the muscles of the shoulders and arms.

THE YELLOWSTONE GNAT.

Of all the pesky varmint things
That creep the earth or fly on wings,
That sting or injure, poison or bite
Be it deadly asp, or smallest mite,
Or bee or beetle, wasp or viper,
Rattlesnake or boa-constrictor,
The meanest pest you can find
In East or West or any clime
From Afric's sun to frigid zone,
Hunt as you may you'll find none
That so poisons all folks lean or fat
As the confounded pesky little Yellowstone gnat.

Yes, small he is, but that harms him not,
It only permits more to bite in one spot.

Almost too small for the eye to see,
Yet by the thousands in your hair will be
Hard at work your skull boring through
'Till you will swear, and the minister too
And wish they were all in ——
Hot storage.

In the evening around our large camp fire we were joined by twenty-five tourists of Marshall's outfit. They were from eight states. Many songs, recitations, speeches and jokes were rendered for the enjoyment of the camp circle, and a pleasant evening was passed under the full moonlight; the spruce trees standing guard on every side to shelter us from any winds.

The camp fire is to the camp tourist what the corner grocery is to the country rustic—it holds you long after you should be under your blankets in bed. For hours it holds the circle of campers story telling and talking, and if they don't talk; the evening passes and one finds himself still sitting by the camp fire fascinated by the silent sermons it speaks. Thoughts of—Oh how the flood sweeps over us!—what does not a camp fire suggest? of the fire on the old hearth in the days of our childhood or when as lads we for the first time ventured to camp for a single night in the pasture wood-lot nearby our home. William E. Curtis, correspondent for the Chicago Record Herald, writing from his 1905 Oregon trip, says: "A big camp fire is a fine thing, especially in the midst of a mighty forest, and on a frosty night, for we were 7,000 feet above the sea, and the air was snappy. But the difficulty with a big camp fire is that it fries you on one side. Your back may be freezing, while your face is blistered with the heat, and by turning around you get no permanent relief. You simply reverse the objection. Your nose and fingers may be freezing, while the perspiration is running down your spinal column. I suppose that sometime somebody will invent a merry-go-round, or something like a potter's wheel, to keep the people mov-

ing before camp fires like whirling dervishes, so that they can be cooked evenly on both sides."

There is method in building a camp fire.

We often hear it said "Anybody can build a fire, but it takes a fool to make one burn." No fool could build a camp fire. We, of course, supposed we had the requisite knowledge and proceeded, as we always had done, first starting a small blaze, and then placed sticks on it as a common center, building it up in pyramidal form, much the shape of our canvas tents; or else if the sticks were large, placing them across a common center, from which they radiated like the spokes of a wheel. Both of the methods were wrong, as the fire would soon burn out at the center and would need readjusting, as it would not feed itself. The correct way to build a camp fire is to have two large logs at the bottom parallel and the proper distance apart and start the fire between them and lay on the wood parallel to the base logs; as fast then as those beneath burn up, the top sticks settle down and the fire replenishes itself and is continuous until the entire supply is consumed.

Saturday, July 15th—11th day—Grand Canyon Camp. After an early breakfast we visited first the Upper Yellowstone Falls, 109 feet high; here the river runs due north; the waters are clear as crystal and it is possible to see the bottom of the stream clearly at a depth of 6 to 8 feet. The fall here is perhaps 60 feet or more in width and with the high rocks on either bank, which is lined with Balsam and Spruce above the falls, and a beautiful green mantle of moss on the rocky sides of the river below the cataract, the whole setting is as perfect and ideal as one could imagine or fancy. About a mile below the Upper Fall is the larger, or Lower Falls, 310 feet high; a good foot path and stairway leads one to the very crest of this most remarkable and beautiful waterfall. The waters separate into white spray and vapor before they strike the valley below. We then ascend the summit of the canyon on the left bank of the river, and for over two miles walk along the wagon and foot path that has

been constructed along the most advantageous points of observation.

What a manifestation of beauty and glory was here! The Canyon is now from 1,000 to 2,000 feet deep, and the rocks and sands of its sides rival ten times the hues of of the rainbow; we simply are transfixed to the spot by the grandeur of the sight. For a brief instant only we close our eyes, but we can not then repicture it and the eye is again eager to behold its glory. We could remain here, hours, days, yes, it seems years. It seems to be at last an answer to the longings of the soul; it is a manifestation of power, of beauty, of grandeur of coloring, beyond human conception, and indeed of eternal glory as mortal man has conceived it, for

How can I tell of thee
Or how in words express
The day of thy Nativity
Or describe thy picturesqueness?
In the aeons of the past
Was thy wondrous beauty hidden
To be revealed at last
When thy rocks and sands are riven
By the ceaseless waters flow,
Which toiling through the ages gone
Have formed this canyon all aglow
With the multiplied colorings of the sun.
With thy golden yellow, pink and green,
Brightest red, white and somber brown,
Thou hast adorned the lowly stream
With an exalted radiant crown.

Canst thou tell the story of thy birth?
Relate from whence thy fairy colors came;
Tell us how young was this old earth
When first your course the waters spanned?
What is the lesson you would teach—
Is it thy colorings mere to show;
Or would you mightier sermons preach?
Of eternal truths for all to know?

The Grand Canyon

Listening, can not we hear you say
In a language understood by all,
'Tis not how much I do today,
But how patiently and well;
And greatest things are not quickly done,
But accomplished through patient toil;
Greatest battles are only won
By the ever constant zeal of all.
Then, again, we hear you speak—
In great duties is great reward,
And would we the highest beauty seek,
'Tis in the patient service of our Lord.

It rained hard Saturday night—Mrs. Heath, Alice and Albert, Mrs. Crighton, Mrs. Hanna and James Crighton, Jr., went to Canyon hotel and stayed all night.

Sunday, July 16th, 2nd night at Grand Canyon Camp, 12th day. There were seven bears in our camp last night about the grub and mess wagons, trying to get our provisions; some of them were brown and the rest black. It is necessary to have a guard each night to drive them away; hardly anything is secure from them; a bear will take canned goods, and by squeezing the cans will open them as fast as a person could with a can opener.

On our way to Mt. Washburn this morning we stopped at a road contsruction camp half way up the mountain. Here were about 75 men just sitting down in the mess tent to dinner. Around the tent were some ten black and brown bears and cubs; in all there were twenty-five bears making their headquarters at this camp; the foreman said the camp had been moved six times to different parts of the park, in the building of roads, and this bunch of twenty-five bears had followed them in every case. They have a herder for the bears—that is a man who does nothing else nights but keep them rounded up, and see that they do not get into the grub tent. They also have a herder for the horses.

We got started about 9:00 a. m. for Mt. Washburn, a twelve mile drive up the new Government Mountain Road, expecting to be back for late lunch, but the road

was so muddy from the previous night's rain, travel was slow and we did not arrive at the half-way station camp until noon; about three miles further up the mountain one of the wagons returned, but two continued, and owing to recent blasting in some of the rocky passes, which made driving difficult, we tied our horses and walked to

Deer and Bear

the summit two miles distant. Mr. Bastien, Marx, T. S. Heath, Mr. Harris (70 years old), Jennie J. Heath, Elizabeth Wilson, Chas. A. Heath and Mr. Holm, and Drivers Campbell and Abplanalp went to the very summit, 10,000 feet high. Mr. Price and daughter Florence and Mrs. Marx went to the second summit, within one-half mile of the top. Mrs. Holm became dizzy on account of hunger and stopped before reaching the second

summit. Within a few days it will be practicable to drive all the way to the top. Indeed, the two government survey teams made the summit just as we started to come down; we here met Maj. Chittenden of the United States Engineer's Corps, who has had charge of the Park survey; after him Mt. Chittenden, the highest mountain on the eastern border of the Park was named.

From almost any point in the ascent, the view repaid the cost of the trip. As we ascend we have a more extended landscape panorama to the south, and can see the entire course of the Yellowstone River from the lake to the falls, and on through the twelve miles of the Canyon to the north. Here and there are open stretches of mountain meadow, the best of range for the elk and deer, but the general prospect is one of uninterrupted forest, excepting for the water mentioned. Entirely encircling the horizon are the lofty snow-capped Rockies, which now appear as white, gray and blue cloud banks against the sky.

Presently we reach the mountain summit, and now apparently we are at a central point of view in an extended mountain basin. We can see the entire north line of the Park and on the east Baronet Peak, Mt. Morris, Parker and Pollux Peaks, and all the mountains forming the southeastern and southern boundary. The view to the west is equally grand. All the tourist travel from Tower Falls to Grand Canyon will hereafter be via Mt. Washburn, passing directly over the summit, which point is much above timber line, and we here found snow banks many feet deep. The road to the summit from the north side of the mountain was completed two years ago; but a large force of men is still working on both approaches for Maj. Chittenden told us the road was to be widened to eighteen feet its entire length.

Pitched amidst the snow banks on the north side of the summit about 800 feet from the top we saw the tents, implements, and wagons of the road construction crew.

While there is no timber to be seen, the summit of the moutain had a veritable crown of flowers, whose perfume filled the air; there was the white star flower, for-

get-me-not, also yellow, blue and pink flowers whose name we did not know, but in height were only two to three inches, while in the valley below they were two to three feet.

The most noticable flora, perhaps, on the way up was the for-get-me-nots, which were in the mountain meadows in patches of an acre or more where these flowers were to be seen in profusion and greater perfection than we supposed the for-get-me-not attained. It was an easy

Deer and Wild Flowers

matter to pick them by the arm full, with stems three feet or more in length. The Columbine, Lupine, Varigated Lillies and Larkspur were also very abundant and beautiful.

It was not until after 4:00 p. m. that we reached camp, very tired and hungry, but felt we had had another unique and profitable day.

Four of our party returned to Chicago this morning —Mr. and Mrs. Crighton and son James, and Mrs. Hanna, going out with Wylie's team via Gardiner.

The clouds were threatening more or less all day, but we had no rain except a little sprinkle at Mt. Washburn. In the early evening as we were sitting around the camp fire, having our Sunday evening song, reading and prayer service, the moon rose full and clear and gave us an

Upper Falls — Yellowstone

evening of perfect beauty; many walked to the canyon to view the falls by moonlight. Soon after nine all went to their tents for the third night's sleep at Grand Canyon Camp; about 10:30 p. m. there was a short hard rain; but Monday morning, July 17th, the 13th day, was bright and clear, and we had early breakfast and took in the Grand Canyon again before proceeding on our route down the Hayden Valley to the south. Our view of the Canyon this morning was from Artist's point on the right bank, opposite and some below Inspiration Point.

We had been here before on Saturday afternoon.

From here you get the best view of the lower falls and the most extended view of the canyon. The famous painting of the Yellowstone canyon and falls by Thomas Moran in the capitol at Washington was located from Artist's Point. Reluctantly we leave the place, for there is nothing in the whole Park that so holds and transfixes one to the spot as a look up the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone.

We now turn back and taking the road south follow up the Yellowstone River toward the lake through the great Hayden Valley, which is an open rolling meadow with little or no timber, some 15 miles in length—rather an uninteresting drive, except for the fact it is the largest area of its kind in the Park. The river here has a current of four to six miles; is wide, hence could be forded at most any point. This section of the Park was covered by General Howard when fighting the Nez Perce Indians in 1877.

At noon we lunched about half way down the valley; here a pack outfit passed us; it was that of a Philadelphia gentleman with cook, guides, and eight horses, having come over Sylvan Pass and intended going through Jackson Hole Country also, an extensive trip, but wealthy gentlemen often go to this expense in order to rough it and see the country, as it can be done in no other way, there being no regular stage or transportation lines.

Monday night, July 17th, we camp at Yellowstone Bridge Camp, at the head of Yellowstone Lake; the night was clear and cool, with a bright full moon.

Thursday, July 18th—14th day. There was a hard white frost and ice on our water pails this morning. We leave Yellowstone Bridge Camp very late, nearly 10 a. m., as seven saddle horses and one of the four horse teams had strayed away during the night. At noon we camp at our old camping ground, Turbid Springs. As the mess wagon came up we saw 200 elk feeding on the east side of Turbid Lake.

The springs did not interest us as much as when we first saw them; we found, however, they had changed some, for new ones had come into existence, and some of the old ones were quiet.

We left camp about 1:30 p. m. for Sylvan Pass, which we greeted with a cheer when we came in sight of it, and were glad when the teams turned into the green opening just beyond the lake by the cold pure stream that comes from little Avalanche Lake, a half mile further up the Pass. Here we find few mosquitoes and no gnats. It was warm in the sun, about 70-75 degrees at this altitude, 9,500 feet, but as soon as the sun was set it quickly began to grow cold, and we felt comfortable under all the blankets that were available.

All of the party have been in most excellent health up to this time, excepting Miss Dammereau, who the past two days has had neuralgia in the left upper jaw with severe pain and later swelling of the face.

The sky was clear and gave promise of a fair today tomorrow.

Wednesday, July 19th—15th day of our trip. At 8 a. m. we started from Sylvan Pass Camp for the trip east down the mountain. It rained hard early for about an hour, but soon cleared up and we had fine weather. We found the road now in the Pass entirely clear of snow, and dirt had been put over the fine broken stone of which the road is being built, and it was as good as any road we had seen in the Park. The drive down the canyon was as full of interest as when we first ascended the mountain two weeks ago; the flowers seemed fresher, larger and in greater variety than in the Yellowstone Basin and Valley.

At noon we reached the boundary of the Park and Forest Reserve and stopped for lunch. The Government buildings here had not yet been opened for the season.

About 1:30 we continued down the valley, and much of the scenery looked as new and interesting as tho' we were seeing it for the first time.

We pass Pahaska Teepee, Buffalo Bill's Upper Hotel, which is not yet finished. A large flow of water was still coming down the north fork of the Shoshone, and we could see large fields of snow on the mountains up the valley to the north.

We put into camp early, about 3:30 p. m., in an opening on the north bank of the river under Hogback Ridge, which Mr. Price, Elizabeth Wilson, Albert and I climbed, and had what we think the grandest scene of the trip. To the south we could see one of the largest snow fields yet observed, on Eagle's Nest, just north of the Pinacle Mountain. Looking up the valley and at right angles to it we saw Mt. Humphreys, Mt. Schurz, Atkins Peak, Mts. Stevenson, Langford and Doane standing out like etherial cathedrals against the sky; and then below the silvery waters of the Shoshone winding through the green forests of the valley, making the panoramic view one of ideal and perfect beauty. One could not imagine a grander view in mountain and valley, river, meadow, and snow-capped fields than this. All felt we would like to camp here several days. This camp, known as Hog Back Camp, was christened by the young people.

"CORONATION CAMP,"

In honor of Mrs. Greer, who is 34 years old today, and we have a royal banquet, crown her queen of the Sylvan Pass, present her with a Yellowstone Souvenir Silver Spoon, and have appropriate songs and speeches, which made an enjoyable affair for all. In presenting Mrs. Greer with the spoon she was reminded it was a fitting gift, for it had to do with her whole life. As a baby her first soothing drops of paragoric, and the quieting catnip tea she had taken from a spoon—indeed it was one of the good things to

say of a baby, that "it was born with a silver spoon in its mouth;" as a little girl she persisted in eating her pie with a spoon, instead of the more proper fork; as a youth in her outings she has enticed and caught her fish with a spoon, and later as a maiden found herself caught by the same thing. Her travels she does over again, as she looks over her collection of souvenir spoons, which grow dearer every day; and when old age comes, she will find herself a child again, eating her soft foods with a spoon. So it stands for her whole rounded out life, and its five letters stand for what may be said of us when we have passed on beyond "Sweet peace only ours now."

The banquet was indeed a royal one. The menu was: Broiled Ham, Cream Potatoes, Corn, Biscuit, Pear and Quince Jam, Preserved Grapes, Spice Cake,

The King and Queen

Burnt Almonds, Salted Peanuts, Chocolate, Coffee, Flowers. The tables and tents were decorated with evergreen and wild flowers, the Queen's crown was woven of the beautiful Sulphur flowers, and the coronation was a unique affair in every particular.

It was the presence of the young members of the party that brought us so much of pleasure and fun—one early introduced himself as "His Royal Highness" the "KING," which title became fixed and he was called by none other; it stood for all the name implies, and called for the greatest allegiance and attention on the part of all. He must sleep his sleep if it was past the breakfast horn, and the willingness with which all petted and waited upon him, spake of what a Royal King he was,

THE ARMY AND NAVY

and he was as concerned in our welfare, or that of his subjects, as he constantly would say he was our protector: he stood for the army of his realm.

Another youth was of equally royal extraction, and was known only as the "Prince," and represented the Navy branch of the Imperial Power—so deeply concerned were the army and navy in the safety of their subjects, often they would lead the way, going on ahead on foot to clear the path of any possible bears or robbers. Every member of the party was known by some dis-

tinguished, familiar or endearing title. There was "Uncle Thead" the fisherman, Mrs. Price known as "Comfort," "Aunt Jennie," "Uncle George," "Elder Crighton," "Uncle Dave," "Midge" Dammereau, Elizabeth, called "Best" Wilson, and Florence Price known only as "Priceless," and Mrs. Greer as "Sunbeam," Mrs. Heath "The Court Jester," and Minnehaha," who was Mrs. Crighton. The horses were all well named. There was "Installments," for that was the way he traveled — possibly he was not to blame, and did his duty so far as he could see it with his one eye. Then came "Instantaneous," for nothing but an instantaneous probe of the spur or cut of the whip would produce any acceleration of his activities.

We also had "Jim Crow," an Indian pony, "Diamond" the Cheyenne, which bore on his thigh a large brand that gave the name, the same as a design of a crow had been branded by the Indians on Jim Crow. The finest saddler of all was "Lady," the horse which Mrs. Holm rode.

Three men and a young boy were camping along side of us at Coronation Camp. We viewed them with a little concern, as they had no tents, were not communicative as to who they were or where they were going.

They had extra fine horses and valuable saddles; some of the ladies thought possibly they were robbers or bandits and would fall upon us during the night and plunder our camps; but on Thursday, July 20th, 16th day of the trip, we discovered their identity, and learned they were John B. Goff, W. B. Wells and Jack Fry, the guides and hunters who recently took President Roosevelt on his Colorado bear hunting trip. They said the president killed ten bears and five bob cats—was a good shot, never rattled or excited; a good fellow and always one of the boys—would sleep on the ground with them under a tarpaulin or in a tent, as they happened to be circumstanced. Goff said the president had written him several times since he returned. The hunters had the two horses and saddles which Roosevelt rode on the hunt, and we photographed them before they left camp. These guides are to clear the Yellowstone Park of lions, and

said it would take them four or five years to do it; this job undoubtedly came to them from the president.

The morning was bright and clear, and we got an early start, as have twenty-three miles to make to reach 1,000 foot rock tonight. The drive during the forenoon was delightful; the scenery was as fresh as if seen for the first time; indeed, it did not seem as though we had been in the valley but two weeks since.

All the party voted and were unanimous that the Sylvan Pass surpassed the scenery of the Park excepting that of the Grand Canyon, which is unique in its beauty, and can not well be compared with anything else. At noon we turn in at our old camp "The Poplar;" at 1:30 start down the valley again for 1,000 foot rock, where we camp Thursday night, July 20th. After supper, "Pete," one of the cooks, climbed the cliff back of the camp fire to look into a cave in the rocks, which he found full of bones of various kinds. He returned quickly saying if a bob cat had come out of that cave, it would have taken more than ten dollars worth of sticking plaster to stick him together when he landed.

Before supper, the writer alone climbed the summit of the mountain overhanging the 1,000 foot rock by the camp; the ascent was very difficult, owing to the precipitous cliffs as we neared the top. The mountain is one of the eight north and south laterals of Wapiti Ridge, and the third from the east line of the Forest Reserve. To the south these converge in the highest point of the range 12,000 feet high, which we can plainly see with its snow-capped summit, as also, and more beautiful still the imposing massive temple of the Rockies, called Citadel Mountain. The geological structure of these foot hills and mountains attract the attention of nearly everybody coming into the north fork valley of the Shoshone. For instance, lofty Citadel Mountain shows two marked strata of brown sandstone, about 200 feet wide and separated with 400 or 500 feet conglomerate, all lying within 500 to 1,000 feet of the summit and perfectly horizontal.

On the north side of the valley we find the same formation, but in a most peculiar and strange position; for

some miles the strata has been horizontal with occasional foot hills showing a dip to the west of 20 to 30 degrees—this has been the direction of dip whenever seen—to the west—that is—against the general line of mountain range, but here at this camp we have three foot hills facing us; the one on either side have strata laying horizontal; but in the middle mountain the strata are perpendicular and in direct right angles to the range on either side. This peculiar condition has been noted several times before in this valley. About 10:00 p. m. we retired; there was a clear sky and bright starlight; the Big Dipper and all the familiar stars seemed clearer and nearer than ever before.

Friday, July 21st—17th day of the trip. We have thirty-five miles to make today, leaving camp at 6:00 a. m., we had traveled twenty-three by 10:45 and camped at the South Fork Bridge at Marquette, where we first lunched Wednesday noon, July 5th. When the Government dam at the head of the canyon is completed, the place where we lunched and the village of Marquette (three houses) will be 105 feet under water. About 1:00 p. m. we continue our journey, and by fast driving we reach Cody at 2:20 p. m.; were taken to Hotel Irma, where we got baths and our supper, and spent the evening until train time in sight-seeing in the shops, but more especially in viewing the superb collection of oil paintings in Hotel Irma, which are by the best masters and are a most valuable group, dealing exclusively with frontier life and scenes connected with the pioneer history of this particular section of Wyoming. Many events in Col. Cody's life have served to bring his name before the public, but none have been more commendable than the many beneficent things he has done for the town that bears his name, in the way of making public improvements at largely his own personal expense, such as irrigating projects, building of roads and bridges, hotels, and aiding in every way possible the upbuilding of the town.

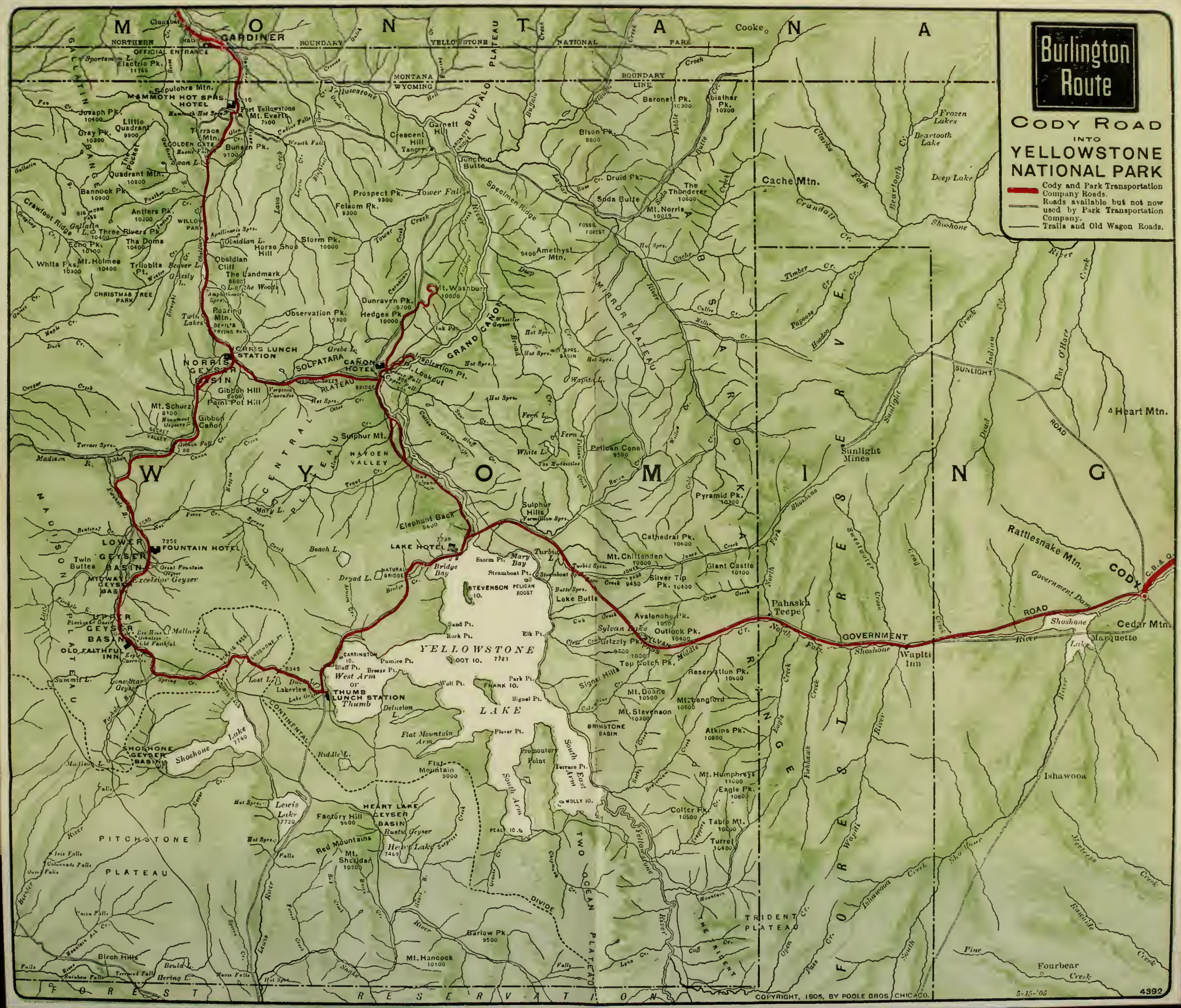
We find here the officials of the Burlington Railroad, who take over our guide, Mr. Holm, to drive over the

new survey of the extension of this railroad which is to be built from Garland to Thermopolis, in the Big Horn Basin.

In conclusion these are some of the direct effects and results of a Yellowstone Trip, made as we made this one, which are noted by our friends in a most amusing manner: — Sleepless nights, — sleepmore nights; loss of appetite for food — loss of food for appetite — less flesh, — more flesh; look old, — look young. In the years to come if we fail or succeed in business, or anything else; if our hired girl quits her job or if she refuses to be fired, we shall know it must be due to the alkali waters we drank in the Park.

THEODORE AND THE BLACK SPOTTED TROUT

this is the Mr Health
trout call on you
Bernie


Burlington Route
CODY ROAD INTO YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK
Cody and Park Transportation Company Roads.
Roads available but not now used by Park Transportation Company.
Trails and Old Wagon Roads.
MONTANA
WYOMING
NORTHERN BOUNDARY OF YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK
OFFICIAL ENTRANCE
GARDINER
MAMMOTH HOT SPRS. HOTEL
Fort Yellowstone
Mt. Everts
Cooke
Cache Mtn.
Heart Mtn.
Sunlight Mines
Rattlesnake Mtn.
CODY
Cedar Mtn.
Marquette
Ishawooa
Wapiti Inn
GOVERNMENT ROAD
Shoshone
Pahaska Teepe
Sylvan Pass
Sylvan Lake
Yellowstone Lake
LAKE HOTEL
Bridge Bay
Mary Bay
Lake Butte
Stevenson Is.
Pelican Roost
Steamboat Pt.
Sand Pt.
Rock Pt.
Elk Pt.
Park Pt.
Signal Pt.
Plover Pt.
Promontory Point
South Arm
South East Arm
Frank Is.
Molly Is.
Pearl Is.
Carrington Is.
Dot Is.
West Arm or Thumb
THUMB LUNCH STATION
Lakeview
Duck L.
Lost L.
Delusion L.
Flat Mountain Arm
Flat Mountain
Riddle L.
Shoshone Lake
Lake
SHOSHONE GEYSER BASIN
Madison L.
Lewis Lake
HEART LAKE GEYSER BASIN
Factory Hill
Red Mountains
Mt. Sheridan
Heart Lake
Barlow Pk.
Mt. Hancock
Birch Hills
Beula L.
Hering L.
PITCHSTONE PLATEAU
YELLOWSTONE LAKE
LAKE
TWO OCEAN PLATEAU
TRIDENT PLATEAU
THE TRIDENT
DIVIDE
CONTINENTAL
Mt. Washburn
Dunraven Pk.
Hedges Pk.
Observation Pk.
Storm Pk.
Prospect Pk.
Folsom Pk.
Tower Fall
Specimen Ridge
Amethyst Mtn.
Mirror Plateau
Grand Canon
Inspiration Pt.
Lookout
Upper Fall
Lower Fall
Canon Hotel
Canon Bridge
Solfatara Plateau
Norris Geyser Basin
Norris Lunch Station
Gibbon Hill
Paint Pot Hill
Gibbon Canon
Mt. Schurz
Gibbon Fall
Sulphur Mt.
Hayden Valley
Elephant Back
Sulphur Hills
Pelican Cone
Pyramid Pk.
Cathedral Pk.
Mt. Chittenden
Silver Tip Pk.
Giant Castle
Avalanche Pk.
Outlook Pk.
Grizzly Pk.
Top Notch Pk.
Reservation Pk.
Mt. Doane
Mt. Langford
Mt. Stevenson
Atkins Pk.
Mt. Humphreys
Eagle Pk.
Colter Pk.
Table Mt.
Turret
Grimstone Basin
Lower Geyser Basin
Fountain Hotel
Midway Geyser Basin
Excelsior Geyser
Upper Geyser Basin
Old Faithful Inn
Twin Buttes
Beach L.
Dryad L.
Mallard L.
Summit L.
Lone Star Geyser
Madison R.
Gallatin R.
Yellowstone R.
Shoshone R.
Lamar R.
Gardiner R.
Clarks Fork
Beartooth L.
Frozen Lakes
Deep Lake
Shoshone
Sunlight
Government Dam
Cache Mtn.
Crandall Cr.
Timber Cr.
Papoose Cr.
Hoodoo Cr.
Sepulchre Mtn.
Electric Pk.
Joseph Pk.
Gray Pk.
Little Quadrant
Quadrant Mtn.
Bannock Pk.
Antlers Pk.
Three Rivers Pk.
Tha Doma
Echo Pk.
Whita Pks.
Mt. Holmes
Trilobita Pt.
Obsidian Cliff
The Landmark
Roaring Mtn.
Twin Lakes
Bunsen Pk.
Terrace Mtn.
Crescent Hill
Garnett Hill
Junction Butte
Druid Pk.
Soda Butte
Mt. Norris
The Thunderer
Bison Pk.
Baronet Pk.
Abiathar Pk.
Crawfoot Ridge
Gallatin L.
Obsidian L.
Horse Shoe Hill
Storm Pk.
Observation Pk.
Dunraven Pk.
Hedges Pk.
Mt. Washburn
Amethyst Mtn.
Pelican Cone
Sulphur Hills
Elephant Back
Lake Hotel
Lake Butte
Sylvan Lake
Yellowstone Lake
Shoshone Lake
Lewis Lake
Heart Lake
Madison L.
Riddle L.
Flat Mountain
Barlow Pk.
Mt. Hancock
Birch Hills
Beula L.
Hering L.
Fourbear Creek
Pine Creek
Ishawooa Creek
Meeteetse Creek
Rawhide Creek
Sunlight Creek
Shoshone River
Yellowstone River
Wapiti L.
Fern L.
White L.
Mary L.
Beach L.
Dryad L.
Mallard L.
Summit L.
Lone Star Geyser
Madison L.
Lewis Lake
Heart Lake
Shoshone Lake
Yellowstone Lake
Lake
FOREST RESERVATION
COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY POOLE BROS. CHICAGO.
5-15-'05
4392